


Booth's Capture & Death M-12

DRAWER 13A

Assassination

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Accounts of John Wilkes Booth's Capture and Death

Stories of eyewitnesses,
first-hand or passed down

Surnames beginning with

M-Z

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

MAN WHO AIDED BOOTH CAPTURE DIES SUNDAY

Calvin S. Smith
2-11-22

The last surviving member of the band of soldiers sent in pursuit of John Wilkes Booth, assassin of Abraham Lincoln, W. A. McDonald, 98, of Westminster, passed away at 6:20 o'clock Sunday, Lincoln's birthday, at the Veterans' home at Sawtelle.

Funeral services for Mr. McDonald will be held at the chapel at Sawtelle at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. A full military service will be held.

Mr. McDonald was with the squad when Booth was surrounded in a barn near Bowling Green, Va. The soldiers set fire to the building to force Booth out. One of the soldiers, Boston Corbett, mindful of the \$50,000 reward for the assassin, dead or alive, shot through a knot hole. Booth breathed his last as he was carried out of the barn into the open.

The veteran had made his home with a son, Marion McDonald, at Westminster, for a number of years. He was a native of Illinois.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

SOLE SURVIVOR OF POSSE WHICH CAPTURED BOOTH DESCRIBES SLAYER'S END

Of the party of troopers, detailed to pursue the fugitive, John Wilkes Booth, assassin of Abraham Lincoln, and who finally captured the slayer and avenged the murder of the Chief Magistrate of the nation, but one, W. A. McDonald, now a man of 80, and a resident of Long Beach, survives. McDonald, who has been visiting relatives in Central Illinois, tells something of the incidents of that memorable pursuit of sixty years ago. He was a member of Troop F, Eighth Illinois Cavalry, enlisting at St. Charles, Charles.

Booth killed Lincoln on the night of April 14, 1865, while the President was occupying a box at Ford's Theater in Washington. Stealthily opening the door of the compartment, Booth shot the President and then leaped to the stage below, the spur of his boot, catching in the flag that draped the box, mute avenger, and the assassin fell, fracturing his leg.

In the confusion, he escaped, and, mounting a horse which he had tied in the vicinity, fled to Maryland, going first to the home of Dr. Mudd, a Southern sympathizer, who reduced the fracture.

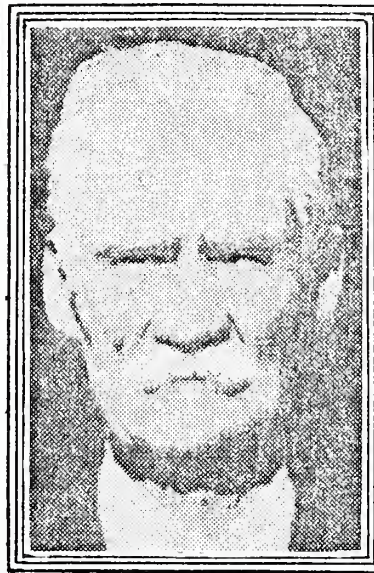
David Harold, a friend of Booth, joined him and assisted him to escape. The pair finally reached the home of J. E. Garrett, near Port Royal, Md., and they were allowed to sleep in the tobacco warehouse.

The cavalymen of McDonald's command were in close pursuit, and finally, located the fugitives on April 24, about 9 o'clock at night. The warehouse was surrounded and the two men ordered to surrender. Harold was agreeable and came out of the retreat and was

handcuffed, later being hanged for his complicity.

Booth refused to surrender and argued with the commanding of-

W. A. M'DONALD



ficer. It was finally decided to set the building on fire, and the flames disclosed Booth. A member of McDonald's troop, Sergt. Boston Corbett, thrust his gun through a crevice in the boards, and shot Booth, despite the orders to take the fugitive alive. Corbett was court-martialed.

Booth was carried from the warehouse to the porch of the Garrett homestead, where he died an hour and a half later. McDonald witnessed the end of the assassin, and is the only survivor of that group.

The body was placed in a wagon, and hauled to the Potomac River, a short distance away, and then conveyed by steamer to Washington. McDonald asserts that the remains of Booth were first interred under a slab in the Federal arsenal at Washington, but later were removed to the Booth family lot in Baltimore. In the coat of the dead man was found a letter, written by Booth to Garrett, and enclosing a \$5 bill to pay him for his hospitality, Booth, evidently, planning to depart that night for the South in the hope of making his escape.

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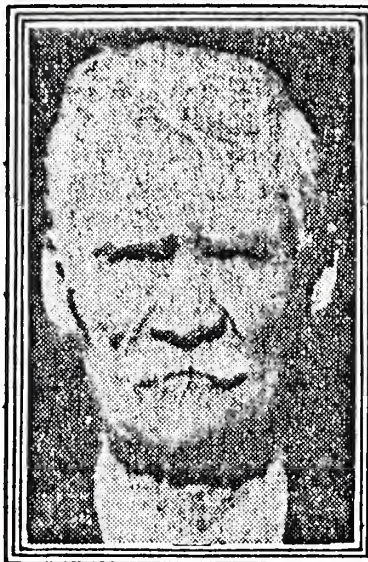
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Los Angeles Times

FEBRUARY 8, 1925.—[PART II-a.]



SIFTINGS

Gleaned from Hither
and Yon -- and Now
and Then -- and Way
∴ Back When ∴

BY A. J. ROWSER

PROGRAM FOR THE WEEK

Today, Sept. 17—Jake Mooker. His story telling the death of Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln, and the story of the Page massacre.

Tuesday, Sept. 18—The Story of The Lake-O-The-Woods Club, as told Siftings by club officials.

Wednesday, Sept. 19—Kankakee River. Stories by old time pushers.

Thursday, Sept. 20—University Memories. Speeches by H. J. Thorpe and Mrs. Patterson.

Friday, Sept. 21—Gloom Chasers. Speech by Lemuel, the Kulak.

Saturday, Sept. 22—Fan Day. Old timer spins yarn of early days in Portage township.

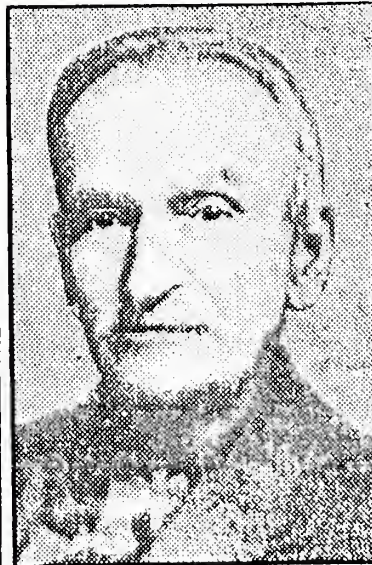
LIFE STORY OF JACOB MOOKER

On Thursday, August 23, Siftings made a little journey to the home of Jacob Mooker, one of the five survivors of Chaplain Brown Post, G. A. R. This man is ninety-two years old. He lives in a little house in the rear of 556 Chicago street. It is a little one-room house, where the aged veteran is monarch of all he surveys. And the mind of this old man is marvelously clear, and his memory is unusually good.

Vision, if you please, that little six-year-old lad, with his father, mother and two sisters making that long and perilous voyage on that heart-breaking old sailing ship to America, and running into a cholera epidemic that took two of the members of that little family. Then the detention camp, the escape, the long journey on foot of the three survivors to Valparaiso, and the struggle for a footing in this land of the free and the home of the brave. And then the battle with the wilderness, and now the battle against the feebleness of old age. Sitting in his little self-kept home, Siftings saw the courage that sustained that old man in his youth and manhood was still undimmed, and was sustaining him now in his ninety-second year.

Read the story, you folks who think you have a hard row to hoe. Read his account of the capture and the death of the murderer of Abraham Lincoln. Read his story of

the Page massacre. His is a story of the man on the ground—first hand. Hats off to old Jake Mooker. And when you see him sitting on a bench in the court yard, visiting with one or two of his old comrades, just give him the salute that is his due. Give him a kind word and a pleasant smile. And watch his face light up. Some day he will not be in the familiar places for you to greet. Do it now, and while



JACOB MOOKER

you may. Here is the remarkable story of Jacob Mooker, told August 23, 1934:

"I was born in a province in Germany on July 3, 1842. My parents were farmers who lived in a village, as was the custom in the old country in those days. The new lands of America beckoned my father to come to them, and on April 1, 1848, he with his little family, consisting of my mother, my fourteen-years old sister, myself, then six years old, and my baby sister, two and one-half years old, took passage on an old sailing ship bound for the port of Hamilton, Canada. We reached Hamilton on the last day of July, being three months on the ocean.

"When our ship reached the St. Lawrence river we were transferred

to another boat and brought to Hamilton. There we found an epidemic of cholera raging, not only in Canada, but also all over the United States. My mother died of this disease on the boat, and my baby sister died a few days after we landed. Father and I and my older sister were placed in a detention camp, where people were dying like flies. After being there some time, father escaped with us and started for Chicago. We walked every step of the way, and finally father got work for a farmer by the name of Shinebarger, who then lived in a log cabin located about three-fourths of a mile north of the Lincoln Highway, on Crooked Creek marsh.

"We left Hamilton in August and reached Valparaiso in late November. How father managed to feed and care for us children I do not know, but he did somehow. Father worked for twenty-five cents a day, splitting rails during the winter months, and doing farm work during the spring, summer and fall months. My sister got work as a hired girl for her board. We had to live entirely on cornmeal and a piece of pork rind to grease the pan with, cooked in a fireplace. We lived there about a year and a half, when we moved to Snake Island, on the Jake Fleming place.

"Father got work on the old Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad, which was then in the course of construction. John Skinner and Ruel Starr had a sub-contract to build the grade east of town. Dirt was taken out of the ditch and wheeled on the grade with wheelbarrows for twelve cents a yard. I was then ten years old and could wheel two yards of dirt a day. Father took out three or four yards a day. We got no money, only store orders on Skinner and Starr. This was in 1852. We stayed on this job until the road was built into Valparaiso and worked about four years. When we quit Skinner and Starr owed us \$250.

"They offered to sell father an eighty acres located where four township corners meet—Porter, Union, Liberty and Portage—for the debt and \$200, which debt father assumed. Here we built a log cabin and cut the timber and hauled it to the railroad, where the Bushore crossing is, for \$2 a cord. Before we moved from Snake Island father bought a yoke of oxen and hauled much of the wood with these animals. We lived on the place until father died in the fall of 1896. I then left and went to Hubbard county, Minnesota, and took up a homestead. I returned to Porter county, January 7, 1920, and have lived here continuously since.

"I enlisted in the service of the Union forces and served as a private in Company H., 128th Regiment, Indiana Infantry, and was enlisted for three years. From that regiment I was afterwards transferred to Company D, 18th Regiment of Veterans Reserve Corps, as a musician, and was discharged Oct. 26, 1865. I was in two major battles, one the battle of Buzzard's Roost, and the other the battle of Kanesaw Mountain. This latter battle was fought on June 27 and 28, 1864. On the second day I was bayoneted, and sent to the hospital, where I remained until the following November. Then I was sent home to vote for Abraham Lincoln, and then joined my regiment in Knoxville, Tennessee. From there we went to Washington. When Lincoln was shot I, with the 18th and 19th Reserve Corps were sent to hunt Booth. I saw where Booth was killed. He had shot Lincoln, and in leaving the stage his spur caught in a flag, tripping him and breaking his leg, when he jumped. He had a horse in the alley, which carried him to across Long Bridge. There a confederate was waiting for him with a fresh horse. He took that animal and followed a road running south about two miles, where he came to

a fork in the road, one going to the right, called the "Swamp Road," and the other straight south. Booth should have turned down the Swamp Road, where another horse was waiting for him. But he did not. He took the straight road, and this mistake cost him his life. About a mile down from the forks he came to the home of Doctor Budd, whom he forced to set his broken limb. Booth held a gun to the doctor's head while the leg was being set. Booth then laid down on a lounge and made the doctor's wife put his horse. Just as the day was breaking the doctor told Booth the cavalry was coming. They were then in sight. Booth took for the barn. The soldiers surrounded that barn. Our two regiments were thrown out in fan shape, and started down the road from the bridge. When we got to the forked road, two miles from the bridge, we heard the sound of a bugle. This was the signal to follow in the direction the sound came from. We went as fast as men could travel, and soon saw the barn on fire.

"When Booth got to the barn, he began to fire, and one of his shots struck a cavalry man in the arm at the shoulder, almost tearing the limb off. One of the soldiers crawled through the tall grass to the barn and set it on fire. When the flames got to Booth he opened the barn door, and as he was coming out his body was rid-

dled with bullets. The yarn of Booth's escape is all foolishness. I saw his dead body, and with me was a German drummer who was in the theatre and saw Booth shoot Lincoln. He fully identified the body.

"I was married to Rebecca Henry, a daughter of William Henry, in 1871. We had three children, Agnes, who died in 1897; Mrs. Myrta Ludolph, and John Mooker, both living. I have nine grand children, and sixteen great grand children.

"I joined the first G. A. R. post organized in Valparaiso, way back in 1868 or 9. When I left here I joined a post in Park Rapids, Minn., and when I returned home I joined Chaplain Brown Post. There are only five survivors of that post now living.

"I recall vividly the great sensation of the Cherry Glenn country—the Page massacre. Chauncey F. Page was a jeweler of Valparaiso. In 1866 he married a daughter of John Long. The couple lived together until about six months and to the end of that year, when Page left his wife. He was jealous of a former lover of his wife, John Brewer. The wife then went to live with her mother in the first house on the north side of the road, west of the Cherry Glenn school house. On the night of February 15, 1867, Page came to the home of his mother-in-law, and with an axe burst open the door. In his hand was a six shooter. With one shot he killed her. On her knees, begging for her life was his wife. Grabbing her by the right hand, he swung her around and shot her through the heart. Then he dragged the bodies of the two women to the center of a room in the back end of the house, and adjoining the woodshed, and piled them up. Just then he heard a sound in a bedroom. There he discovered Rickey Ludolph, the daughter of Martin Ludolph, a neighbor, in the bed. He shot at her, hitting her in the leg. Then he leaned down and heard her breathe. She was alive. The fiend shot again, this time the bullet went through her upper arm. Again he leaned over her and heard signs of life. Then he shot her through the head. In all he fired four bullets in the child's body, and the last one he had. The girl held her breath and he concluded she was dead. To be sure he smashed a chair over her head. Then he placed her body on top of the others and poured kerosene on them. Inflammable material was added to the pile, and a match set it in a blaze. Page then ran out of the house, and was on

this way to Wheeler. The night of the murder Page bought a railroad ticket from Valparaiso to Chicago from the Pennsylvania station agent. When the train reached the Bushore Crossing which was a flag stop for local trains at that time, he pulled the bell cord and stopped the train. Miss Ludolph managed to roll off the pile and out of the house. The Bushores were holding a party that night, and those present saw the flames of the burning home. I and Tom Bushore cut across the fields to the scene, and found the girl and carried her to her home. Miss Ludolph eventually recovered and lived until five or six years ago.

"After committing the massacre Page walked to Wheeler, where he caught a freight train bound for Chicago. I notified the officers in Valparaiso, and told them who had committed the murder. Tom Bushore and I also got the axe and pieces of board and other evidence together. Miss Ludolph was able to tell us what Page had done. Word was sent to the Chicago police at once, and a general alarm was sent out. Valparaiso officers went to Chicago with photographs and an accurate description of Page and the next day Page was found in his room in the Grand Pacific hotel reading an account of his crime in the Chicago Times. He was brought back to Valparaiso, and kept in jail until Miss Ludolph had recovered sufficiently to appear in court. The case was venued to LaPorte, where Page was convicted on the testimony of Miss Rudolph and the railroad conductor. He was given a life sentence in the Michigan City penitentiary, and put to work in the cooper shop. Several years after he was found dead in his cell. He had hung himself with his suspenders to a cross bar in his cell door. This crime was the sensation of the year and is one of the outstanding events that I remember. In another story I will tell you about the changes I have lived to see in Porter county and how they came about."

11/5/11
HELPED TO KILL BOOTH.

Valparaiso, Ind., July 2.—(Special)—Jacob Mooker, who took part in the capture and slaying of John Wilkes Booth, slayer of President Lincoln, celebrated his 99th birthday here today.

He was born in Germany and came to Valparaiso in 1848.

He plans to attend the G.A.R. encampment at Columbus, O., in September. *Ind. Star*

ACTRESS MARY MURAT.

THE WOMAN ON WHOM WILKES BOOTH CALLED.

Once a Reigning Favorite, Now Living in Obscurity and Almost Poverty—Incidents of Her Stage Career Recalled.

1852

From the Washington Post.

Living in obscurity and almost poverty in one of South Washington's numerous alleys is a woman who was once a supreme favorite before the footlights of the leading theatres in this country. Her name is Mary Murat, and her residence a humble frame tenement in the little alley on Maine avenue, near Third street, southwest. She still retains traces of her former beauty, and delights to talk of the days when she was the idol of the bald-head rows. Mary left the stage soon after the war and never returned to it. She is now about 57 years of age, although still active and vivacious. Her humble home, a somewhat dilapidated two-story frame, is decorated with pictures of noted actors and actresses, showing that her thoughts still drift backward to her palmiest days. Mary derives her support from a son, who has daily work and nobly supports his mother in her declining years.

She is a talented woman and has travelled in nearly every part of the globe. She showed the *Post* reporter a scar on her head caused by a coconut thrown at her from a tree by a monkey while she was travelling on the island of Madagascar with a party of English tourists in 1853. After she had recovered consciousness Mary asked a young English aristocrat, who had become deeply enamored of her, to catch one of the monkeys, as she desired to make a pet of it and teach it better manners. In describing the efforts of the young man to accomplish this purpose, she laughed heartily.

"Why," she said, "the mischievous animals would wait until he got within a few feet of them, when away they would go helter-skelter. And oh, my, how the little rascals did bombard my English friend with coconuts, until he was finally forced to retreat and give up the chase."

While performing in England early in the '60s a Colonel of the Coldstream Guards became enamored of her, and an engagement followed. The match was broken off, however, owing to a jealous quarrel brought about by the Colonel.

Mary Murat enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln. She still speaks of him endearingly and calls him "Wilky." She maintains with earnestness that Booth is still alive, and that the man who was shot by Boston Corbett was some other person.

"Wilky was in my room only a few minutes before he shot the President," she said. "He came in hurriedly and was much excited. I asked him what the trouble was and he replied: 'Oh, nothing; I am not feeling well.' He then asked me if I had any liquor in my room. I replied yes, and produced a bottle of cognac. I noticed that he was shaking like an aspen as he poured out a goblet brimming full of the liquor. I said: 'Why, Wilky, you must be trying to get drunk.' 'Oh, no,' said he, 'this won't hurt me.' We had a few moments' conversation, when he arose and went out. It was not long after he left that I heard people on the street shouting, 'The President's shot.' I did not dream for an instant that he had committed the act, and did not learn the truth until the following morning."

At the time of the assassination Mary Murat had rooms on F street, between Ninth and Tenth streets, and they could be easily reached from the alley in the rear of the old Ford Theatre. Her apartments were then the resort of many leading actors and actresses. She was acquainted with the elder Booth, and referred to him as "Pap Booth."

Mary is now nearing the horizon of her life, and in the dim twilight she can, no doubt, see the forms and faces of many of those who shared her former glories, but who have gone before.

CAPTURE OF THE MAN SUPPOSED TO BE BOOTH.
Reading, Pa., 20th. To S. Bradford, Esq.: On my return from Pottsville the representations to me last evening were such that I sent a special engine to Pottsville after the up evening passenger train, but the man had left the train at Auburn before the telegram could reach it. He then walked back to Fort Clinton after dark and paid his passage to Tamaqua on one of our coal trains last night. He is now caught at Tamaqua, where we telegraphed to look out for him, and he will be held until identified. There has been some ground for suspicion that it is Booth.

G. A. NICHOLS.

Supt. Philadelphia and Reading Railroad.

Reading, Pa., 20th. The citizen who recognized Booth was taken before a Justice of the Peace this afternoon to make affidavit of his knowledge. He swears now that he has only seen Booth once, and that seven years ago, and that he does not believe the person pursued is Booth. Heretofore he stated positively that it was Booth, and that he knew him intimately.

Philadelphia, 20th. Gov. Curtin has issued a proclamation offering a reward of \$10,000 for the arrest of Booth, who is reported to have been seen in this State, if arrested in Pennsylvania.

The following despatch was received this evening from a lawyer at Reading:

"The despatch of yesterday was somewhat erroneous. The statement given by the citizen of Reading referred to is that he has no acquaintance with Booth, having seen him but once, seven years ago, in a theatre in Baltimore, and not being able to identify him now. He saw the suspected person in a saloon on Tuesday night, in company with another, drinking freely. Learning that the man intended to leave town for Pottsville at 6 P. M., he got upon the train after it had started, and recognised the individual, who appeared to be very much confused at meeting him. He asked the citizen whether he was going up in the train, and upon his answering the man said he was not, the man said that he would be back in Reading in a day or two. The citizen then left the train and communicated these facts to a Government detective of this place, by whose agency he has since been arrested, and is now awaiting recognition at Tamaqua."

THE ASSASSINS. No vessels are permitted to go to the Western shore of Maryland while the search for Booth is being made.

The Portland Advertiser says that a person, evidently disguised, was arrested on the train on the Grand Trunk Railroad at Paris, Mo., on Monday, suspected to be an accomplice of Booth's.

BOOTH'S TRAIL. A correspondent of the New York Times writes from Washington that the trail of Booth was so positive on the 22d instant, that the detectives expressed the greatest confidence of speedily unearthing the place of his concealment, which is on the north side of the Potomac.

— Since the crime of John Wilkes Booth, who is reported to be physically handsome, although morally he is a frightful monster, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, every good looking fellow in the country has been in danger.

— A good Union woman of Cleveland, Ohio, whose husband has been in the army fighting for his country, was in the kitchen cleaning a spider on Saturday, when a woman neighbor came in, and after telling the news of the assassination of the President, said she was "glad of it." The soldier's wife immediately knocked her down with the spider.

A NEW VERSION OF THE GREATEST MAN HUNT

Major O'Beirne's Diary, Recently Brought to Light, Describes
The Difficulties of the Chase After Lincoln's Assassin

ON Sunday, April 16, 1865, Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, sat in his offices in the old War Department Building in Washington. Still shaken by the terrible event of two days before, he drew a sheet of War Department stationery toward him, plunged his pen in the inkwell with such energy that when he started to write three drops fell on the paper, and indited in his own agitated scrawl an order to Major James Rowan O'Beirne, Provost Marshal of the District of Columbia. O'Beirne was a veteran of the Thirty-seventh New York Volunteers, the Irish Rifles. He had been desperately wounded at Chancellorsville, after fighting his way up from the ranks, and incapacitated for field service.

"Major O'Beirne"—so ran Stanton's note—"you are relieved from all other duty at this time and directed to employ yourself and your detective force in the detection and arrest of the murderers of the President and the assassins who attempted to murder Mr. Seward, and make report from time to time." The Secretary folded the paper, his hand or sleeve brushing across and blotting the heavily inked "Yours" as he did so, and gave it to an orderly. So began Major O'Beirne's part in the pursuit of the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. Some heretofore unrecorded details of one of the greatest man hunts of American history are set forth in the Stanton order and other original documents which have recently come into the possession of John J. Madigan of 13 East Forty-seventh Street, New York.

O'Beirne had already played an important rôle in the tragic drama. It was he, on the night of the assassination, who had conducted Vice President Andrew Johnson from the Kirkwood House, where Johnson lodged, to the house opposite Ford's Theatre, where the President lay unconscious and dying. That same night a murderous attack had been made on William H. Seward, Secretary of State, and it was believed that a great conspiracy had existed to wipe out the higher officials of the government. Vice President Johnson had, in fact, been saved from

set Booth's leg—broken as his spur caught in the flag that draped the President's box. O'Beirne's notebook contains a preliminary reference to Mudd, which indicates the mood of the pursuers. "Mudd, near Bryantown," he jotted down. "Son of William A. Mudd. A wild, rabid man. Served more than two years in the rebel army. Is a black-hearted man and possibly was a conspirator. See after him." The detectives saw after Mudd, and he served several years in the prison of the Dry Tortugas before his heroic services in a yellow-fever epidemic won him a pardon. The trail grew warmer; but it was not



Major James R. O'Beirne.

yet certain whether Booth and Herold had succeeded in escaping to the Virginia side of the Potomac. "Cob Neck," wrote O'Beirne, "is the whole section of land between the Potomac and Wicomico River. Pope's Creek has been a crossing. The conspirators are there if they have not crossed over to the Virginia side, which examine into and follow up." He underlined the last five words. . . .

IN Atzerodt's room at the Kirkwood House had been found a map of lower Maryland. O'Beirne telegraphed for the map. The clues accumulated. "A boat passed over the river Sunday evening. Young Claggett can tell all about it." "Mr.

another entry in the O'Beirne notebook: "Boy at Mrs. Lewis's states to the detectives that the two men landing at White Point started off in the direction of King George's Court House on Sunday after landing." These men were, in fact, Booth and Herold. Meanwhile, as David Miller Dewitt puts it in his account of the assassination, "that veteran sleuth, La Fayette C. Baker, chief of the national detective police, descended into the arena." Baker was destined to take for himself much of the credit which should have gone to O'Beirne. Baker sent his men, with a telegraph operator, to Port Tobacco, Md., which was O'Beirne's headquarters. There he learned all that O'Beirne had found out, leaving it to be understood that his own men were responsible.

THE story of Major O'Beirne's success and failure now becomes clear. He had two conflicting theories to unravel. He had been sure that Booth and Herold were safe in Virginia. Yet he writes on April 25: "Herold and Booth came out of a belt of cedars within 150 feet of Turner's house in the morning of April 25, between the hours of 6 and 7. Spoke to a colored girl at Turner's house. Asked for food. . . . They asked if there was any one in the house and if they could get some water. They were told to come up to the house but did not do so. The last seen of them was tending in an easterly direction from Turner's house about four miles northwesterly from Bryantown. . . . The two men are Booth and Herold, beyond doubt."

It was this mistake that took from O'Beirne the glory of the capture and gave it to Baker and his assistant, Lieutenant Edward P. Doherty, who had come on the scene at the last moment. Yet the report which O'Beirne received was one that he could not have neglected without being false to his duty. The irony of the situation lay in the fact that he had actually been within ten miles of the spot where the fugitives lay. Following the traces of the two men who had crossed into Virginia on Saturday night, he had landed on the Virginia shore, found the boat which they had used, and pursued them

LINCOLN'S SLAYER RUN DOWN FIFTY YEARS AGO TO-DAY

Booth Trapped in Barn After
Being Tracked Ten Days
Through Swamps.

GENERAL O'BEIRNE
TELLS OF PURSUIT

Only Living Person Who Was in
Room with Dying President
Describes Search.

J. Wilkes Booth, assassin of Abraham Lincoln, was shot and killed fifty years ago to-day. The President's slayer met an ignominious fate twelve days after the commission of the crime. At that moment the funeral train bearing Lincoln's body was speeding westward between Albany and Syracuse. A few hours later General Joseph E. Johnston surrendered his army to General Sherman.

Racked by pain from his broken leg, an injury he suffered when he leaped to the stage from the box in Ford's Theatre after mortally wounding the President, Booth eluded capture day after day. War Department detectives and soldiers swarmed on his trail as he made his way southward in a desperate effort to reach the Confederate lines. But, aided and accompanied by his accomplice, David Harold, and fed and sheltered by sympathizers along the route, Booth succeeded in traversing fifty miles of Maryland and Virginia swamps and thickets without detection. He even crossed and recrossed the Potomac River, which was thick with federal gunboats and patrols on the lookout for him.

Booth and Harold were trapped in a barn near Port Royal, Va., on the Rappahannock River, at two o'clock on the morning of April 26, 1865. Detectives and soldiers under Colonel L. C. Baker surrounded the barn and ordered the fugitives to surrender. Harold obeyed but Booth refused.

Shot by Sergeant Corbett.

At three o'clock the barn was set on fire. Booth stumbled toward the door with a revolver in his hand. As he did so Sergeant Boston Corbett, through a crevice near the door, shot the assassin in the head.

Dragged forth dying, Booth lingered for three hours, alternately losing and regaining consciousness. He was defiant to the end. His last words were, "Tell mother I died for my country."

General James R. O'Beirne, of No. 852 West 117th street, this city, special deputy in the Supreme Court, and who has been Commissioner of Charities and Commissioner of Immigration, found the clue and instituted the search that led to Booth's capture. General O'Beirne was Provost Marshal of the District of Columbia and major of the Twenty-second regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, when Lincoln was assassinated, and he says he is the only person now living who was in the room to which the wounded President was carried. Afterward General O'Beirne was the Washington correspondent of the New York Herald.

In describing the search for Booth, General O'Beirne said yesterday:—

"When I informed Vice President Johnson that Lincoln had been shot he told me his suspicion had been aroused that night at the Kirkwood House, where he lived. In the morning I went to the hotel again, and Mr. Johnson and his negro servant said they had heard footsteps for hours in the room above them. The room, however, showed no evidence of recent occupancy, but the search of the hotel caused me to establish the plot to slay the high government officials and also Booth's identity, which until then was uncertain."

Finds Booth's Bank Book.

"In a room which had been let to George Atzerodt I found Booth's bank book, a large bowie knife, a Colt's navy revolver and a handkerchief with the initial 'H' embroidered on it. This evidence of the complicity of Booth, Harold and Atzerodt, with the fact that Payne, the supposed assailant of Secretary Seward, had been a frequenter of the room, I at once laid before Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War. I also told him that Booth and Harold had got into Maryland or Virginia before our dragnet search of Washington had begun. I said I was ready to take the saddle, and was confident of taking Booth alive."

"Mr. Stanton forthwith issued an order directing me to take up the pursuit at once, and authorizing me to call on all army and navy officers for aid. In twenty-four hours I had detectives at the gateway of lower Maryland and others on their way to join the Confederate command of Colonel Mosby."

"With six detectives and twenty-five privates and non-commissioned officers, under Lieutenant Lavery, a gallant officer, I quit the saddle, and we dashed down the Potomac on the flagship Martin to Port Tobacco, where Booth and his accomplices played poker, drank whiskey and hatched their plot."

"Going ashore, we scoured the Bryantown swamp, a noisome, pestilential, oozy morass, the home of the owl, bat and serpent, and a sink of disease and filth. After hours in this sea of slime, I stopped in a comparatively dry spot and lighted my pipe. I threw the light among dry leaves and a little blaze sprang up. As I stamped it out I saw a three cornered hole in the ground. Booth had been there. It was his crutch mark."

"We followed that crutch mark to the river, crossed and took it up again. For miles over bog and through thicket that mark led us until my men could go no further from sheer exhaustion, after ten days of pursuit. We returned to Port Tobacco for supplies, and there met S. C. H. Beckwith, chief cipher operator on Grant's staff, who had been sent to join us. We tapped a telegraph wire and sent Mr. Stanton a message that Booth was near Port Royal. There the assassin was brought to bay the next day."



Photo by Phyllis Harper

FAMILY HISTORIAN — Emily Epting Pressey now resides at Lee Manor nursing home, but she brought many family records and pictures from her Guntown home.

Guntown's Mysterious 'Unky':

Was He John Wilkes Booth?

By PHYLLIS HARPER
Feature Editor

Did John Wilkes Booth find refuge in Guntown after he assassinated Abraham Lincoln?

Many historians today agree that the body brought from the burning barn in Virginia was not that of the actor who shot Lincoln on that Good Friday evening in 1865.

Theories about Booth's whereabouts abounded for years after the assassination at Ford's Theater in Washington, D.C.

Relatives, a couple even claiming to be the actor's grandchildren, years later asserted that Booth survived and lived a long time. An elderly man died in Enid, Okla., in 1903, after "confessing" that he was Booth.

Rumors through the years

have held that Booth was in Guntown, that he spent several years there with the Booth family to whom he was related.

Family records and word-of-mouth stories say a mysterious man known to the children as "Unky" lived upstairs in the Booth home and only left his room at night.

"Yes, I'm sure it was (Booth)," affirms Emily Epting Pressey, 86, granddaughter of Dr. John Fletcher Booth, physician and plantation owner who served in the Army of the Confederacy.

"I remember my mother telling about when Unky came. I judge he stayed at least a year or two. You must realize that John Wilkes Booth would have been a hero at that time and place," she explains.

Dr. J.F. Booth, one of 11 children of Harper Booth, and his brother, Dr. George Washington "Washie" Booth, landed near Fulton after traveling via the Tombigbee on a small commercial craft, say family records.

They settled in Guntown with large landholdings and Mrs. Pressey says her grandfather gave the "school grounds that are still in use, and he and his brother organized and built the Methodist Church."

Dr. J.F. Booth raised a company for the cause of the South early in the war, went into action, was wounded and taken prisoner. He was released under a gentleman's agreement that

Continued on Page 18

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he would "refrain from bearing arms" against the Union again.

He consequently returned to Guntown and turned his 2,500 acres into growing food for the Army of the South. The Booth home was across U.S. 45 due west from downtown Guntown of today. The original house was a two-story log structure with later additions and improvements. It burned several years ago.

"After the war people were starving," says Mrs. Pressey. "My grandfather rode and tried to see that everybody was plowing, trying to grow food."

"My mother used to tell how a group of Yankee soldiers came through ransacking, stealing everything, but they saw the Masonic emblem on my grandfather's house, and their leader told them 'drive on.'"

Crumbling letters, clippings and Mrs. Pressey's memory recall details concerning the mysterious uncle who came to live in Dr. J.F. Booth's home, though dates have never been found. She says a cousin has additional records.

Many of Mrs. Pressey's stories came from her mother, Jenny Booth Epting, who was a keeper of family records, she says.

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It appeared from the boxes and trunks of old letters, clippings and other records that Mrs. Pressey kept for years in her Guntown home that the family was clannish, that they were frequent letter writers, if perhaps

secretive.

Mrs. Pressey talks with a chuckle about "my relatives, the mad Booths," and cites a book, "The Mad Booths of Maryland" published by Bobbs-Merrill in 1950.

"All the Booths were from England, you know," she says. "They landed in this country at Booth's Ferry." Some later made

their way to Guntown. Whether John Wilkes was one of them will probably never be known.

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Jan. 1982

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"He called my mother Jenx, and she was the only one of the three children allowed to take meals upstairs or visit with him. They had been admonished not to talk about him outside the family."

The mysterious uncle walked with a limp — John Wilkes Booth broke his leg when he leaped from the box in Ford's Theater after Lincoln was shot.

This "uncle" was a cousin, not a brother, of Dr. Booth, say family records. His infirmities and idiosyncrasies did not dim his intellect nor his wit, judging from the stories that Jenx related to her daughter.

"He was obviously a man of breeding and intelligence," says Mrs. Pressey. "He knew the classics. Nearly all the early Booths were actors

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CAPTOR OF BOOTH DIES

Was in party which trapped Lincoln's assassin 1908

Plattburgh, Feb. 11 (AP)—The death on a farm near here Thursday of Abraham Snay, 82-year-old Civil War veteran, marked the passing of the last of the volunteer party which in April 1865, captured John Wilkes Booth, slayer of Abraham Lincoln. Snay, who enlisted in the Union army at the age of sixteen stood within ten feet of Sergeant Boston Corbett, when the latter fired the shot which caused Booth's death, after the assassin had been trapped in a barn.

BOOTH AND HARROLD.

FLIGHT OF THE ASSASSINS.

PLAN FOR THEIR CAPTURE.

COLONEL BAKER AND HIS FORCE.

THE QUICK PURSUIT.

BOOTH BROUGHT TO BAY.

SURRENDER OF HARROLD.

DEATH OF J. WILKES BOOTH.

HIS INFAMOUS DYING WORDS.

The Living and the Dead Assassin in Washington

Post Mortem Examination.

CHARACTER OF HARROLD.

THE POPULAR EXCITEMENT.

OFFICIAL BULLETIN.

WAR DEPARTMENT,

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 27, 1865.

Major General Dix, New York:

J. Wilkes Booth and Harrold were chased from the swamp in St. Mary's county, Maryland, and pursued yesterday morning to Garrett's farm, near Port Royal, on the Rappahannock, by Colonel Baker's force.

The barn in which they took refuge was fired.

Booth, in making his escape, was shot through the head and killed, lingering about three hours, and Harrold taken alive.

Booth's body and Harrold are now here.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

The city yesterday throbbed with fierce excitement when the news reached it that the murderer of the great President had been captured, and had met a fate in every way suited to his character and to his crime. The anxiety for his capture had become a very mania with our people, and when the news of its accomplishment had reached them there was a general satisfaction, a feeling that a duty which it was a solemn obligation to perform had been accomplished at last.

The details of the flight and the pursuit will suggest to every reader the sum of punishment that met the assassin between the committal of crime and its final retribution here. He died like a coward, burned out of a trap like a rat; armed to the teeth, but fearing to use his arms, either on his pursuers or even on himself. He showed he could be a bravo before a theatrical audience, but failed to show that he could face death with the common courage of a bandit. Like many another actor, he could not act to a poor house.

His misled accomplice, the paltry partner of his flight and approver of his crime, shared his sufferings, but not his nerveless apathy, for he surrendered without any attempt at acting, and now lies awaiting the sentence that he has bought with so much recklessness, so much guilt, and so much suffering.

Flight of the Assassins.

Booth and Harrold left here together after the assassination, and made their way into Maryland, remained in the swamps until the 22d instant, and then crossed over into Virginia, via Swan's Point, landing at Bluff Point. They then took the road to Port Royal, and finally to Bowling Green. Harrold, however, is the only one of the two who went so far as Bowling Green, Booth stopping at Garrett's, where Harrold rejoined him. Their evident intention was to reach the mountains of East Tennessee, by the way of Orange Court-house.

It appears to be pretty well ascertained, that when Booth alighted on the stage at the theatre, as he jumped from the box, he broke the lesser bone of his leg a little above the ankle, and, though the excitement of the moment drowned the pain, when he began to ride, the broken bone must have caused him most excruciating pain. The leg was clumsily reset for him, and with the help of crutches he made his way through swamps and over roads, with death for a jack-o'-lantern lighting him to the barn at Garrett's. With a party of Confederate soldiers whom they met, he passed himself off as a wounded officer, being ashamed to own even to a rebel that he was but a murderer, fleeing from human law and national wrath.

Booth stopped at Garrett's. Harrold went to Bowling Green; returned to Garrett's; there they had supper. Before they had supper, a party of cavalymen, whose appearance there the reader will understand from our account of the pursuit, passed the house, and Booth and

Harrold, as the cavalry disappeared, made for the woods, in which they remained till they came in to supper. They evidently had no idea that that cavalry would return there in the night, and believed that in the barn, if not in the dwelling, they would be as safe as in the woods. To this conclusion they were in all probability driven by the strong logic of physical suffering and unrest.

In that barn Booth had his crutches, rendered necessary to him by the fracture of his leg, and one seven-shooting rifle, one revolver, a carbine, and a bowie-knife; but not the one he had on the eventful night of the 14th April, for that knife was not a bowie at all.

The Pursuit.

Colonel L. C. Baker, chief detective of the War Department, has the honor of having planned the pursuit which has succeeded in the capture of Booth and Harrold; and if we take into consideration the fact that the Colonel was absent from the city when the assassination occurred; that he had all to learn ere he could begin to act; that there was no clue but what he must find for himself, it is impossible not to admire the skill he displayed in obtaining it, the rapidity and confidence with which he acted upon it.

To the parties acting under Colonel Baker's orders no little credit is due for the faithfulness, industry, and endurance which they displayed in the expedition. For the sixty-two hours occupied in the pursuit no flagging was permitted. The work was continuous, and so worn were the physical powers of the men by this lengthened exertion that it was with the utmost difficulty that they could be kept awake at its closing hours.

On Monday, the 24th, a detachment of the 16th New York cavalry were ordered by General Hancock to report to Colonel L. C. Baker, special detective of the War Department. The detachment numbered 25 men, under command of Lieutenant Dougherty. On the afternoon of the same day, Colonel Baker detailed Lieutenant Colonel E. J. Conger and Lieutenant Baker, of his detective force, to go in pursuit of Booth, placing the aforesaid body of cavalry in their charge, and under their implicit command.

At 2 P. M. the force left this city on the Jno. S. Ide, and at 10 P. M. they disembarked at Belle Plain, and took the road toward Fredericksburg, travelling thereon three miles, and then turning in a southeasterly direction, toward the Rappahannock. They stopped at all the houses on the route, inquiring for any Maryland men of Lee's army who might be travelling in that section. They continued their journey through the night and the next day until noon, when they reached Port Conway, on the north side of the river, opposite Port Royal.

There they found a man, who, upon seeing the photographs of Booth, Harrold, and Surratt, pointed out the two former as two men whom he was positive he had seen the day before, at one P. M., at Port Conway. He said these men endeavored to hire him to convey them to Bowling Green, but that they could not agree in the bargain; and that, subsequently, Harrold came

to him and said they had met friends, and did not want his services. Their informant also stated that he saw a party of Confederate soldiers convey the two men whom he had recognized by the photographs across the river.

Lieutenant Colonel Conger and Lieutenant Baker decided to take this man as a guide. They commenced crossing the river with their force at 2 P. M. Having a boat which could only carry seven at once, they did not finish the crossing till 5 o'clock. They then proceeded half-way from Port Royal to Bowling Green, where they found some women, who stated that the party of Confederate soldiers had returned on Tuesday, one less in number, and that neither of those who came back was lame. They subsequently ascertained that the soldiers went three miles with Booth, to the house of Mr. John W. Garrett, and that Harrold continued on to Bowling Green on Monday night, also that Harrold returned to Garrett on Tuesday afternoon.

The pursuing force passed Garrett's house a few moments after Harrold's return to it, and went on some fifteen miles to Bowling Green. There they captured one of the Confederate soldiers who had been with Booth the day before. He made a statement to them as to the whereabouts and movements of Booth and Harrold, fully confirming that above given. This was at 11 o'clock on Tuesday night. They then went back to Garrett's, which they reached at 2 A. M., surrounding the dwelling and out-houses.

To the first inquiry as to the whereabouts of Booth and Harrold, the family gave no satisfactory reply; but soon after the son of one of the Garrett brothers, confessed his knowledge of their both being at that moment in the barn.

The Capture.

The force, which had been extended in loose cordon around the whole premises, was then formed in heavier line around the barn alone, with orders so to remain. The line was at an average distance of thirty feet from the barn walls.

Lieut. Colonel Conger sent Garrett's son into the barn to tell the fugitives to surrender to him their arms, and come out and deliver themselves up. Booth threatened him, saying he had betrayed them, and he must leave the barn. Lieutenant Baker then went to the door and again demanded them to surrender, upon which a long parley ensued, Booth positively refusing.

Lieut. Colonel Conger then pulled some hay through a crack in the wall, ignited it, and pressed it back into the mow. The flames rose rapidly, firing the whole building. Booth came to the corner where Conger stood to shoot the party who had fired the building. He stood with pistol raised, peering into the darkness, but seemed unable to perceive any one. He then turned, gazed upon the flames, and suddenly started for the door.

Sergeant Conger, of the cavalry force, in violation of orders, left the line, and going close to the wall before him, fired his pistol through a crack, shooting Booth in the neck.

Booth fell as soon as shot. The ball had severed the thorax. Lieutenant Colonel Conger and Lieutenant Baker with two soldiers then entered the barn and carried him into the yard. At first he seemed as if life had left him, but he soon revived and endeavored to speak. Lieutenant Colonel Conger, placing his ear to the mouth of the dying man, heard him say, "Tell mother I died for my country."

He was then carried to the porch of the house, and the Lieutenant Colonel despatched a messenger to Port Royal for a physician. When the doctor arrived Booth was too exhausted to be revived by human skill. Booth was also heard by Lieutenant Baker to say, "I thought I was doing the best for the country. Kill me, kill me!" and other expressions seemingly of the same purport, which were not continually audible, and while Lieutenant Baker was rubbing his paralyzed hands, he said, "useless, useless!"

The Death.

He was shot at fifteen minutes past three, last Tuesday morning, the twenty-fifth instant, and died at ten minutes past seven, twelve minutes earlier than the great soul of his august victim left earth to bear witness against him, at the bar to which fate was hastening him.

The dead body of Booth, and the living one of Harrold, were soon after conveyed to Belle Plain, placed on the steamer Jno. S. Ide, which still remained awaiting the return of the little command and the coming of the assassins.

They arrived at the Navy-yard at 1 o'clock yesterday morning. Harrold was then transferred to a secure custody, while the body of Booth was landed at the Navy-yard, and an autopsy held by Surgeon General Barnes and several assistants.

Locality of the Capture.

Bowling Green, near which place Booth was killed, is a post village, the capital of Caroline county, Va., on the road from Richmond to Fredericksburg, forty-five miles north of the former, and is situated in a fertile and healthy region. It contains two churches, three stores, two mills, and about 300 inhabitants.

Port Royal is a post village in Caroline county, Va., on the right bank of the Rappahannock river, twenty-two miles below Fredericksburg. It has a population of six hundred, and there is a good steamboat landing near the place.

Incidents.

Harrold, in company with others also connected with the conspiracy, was photographed at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Harrold is a youth well known about the Navy-yard and its vicinity. A druggist by profession, "a sport" by choice. He was fond of horses and fancy arms. The horses he could seldom keep long, selling them to pay their board. He was for a time employed as clerk by Mr. Walsh, and left at the time of his father's death, which occurred some months ago.

He has since that time led a reckless life, living carelessly, without visible income. He was born in this city some twenty-two years ago, and did not possess either literary or artistic tastes likely to have made him an agreeable companion to a Booth before the contemplation of murder had transformed his nature. Harrold was a boy in everything, easily led and moulded by a common will, and so given to bragging that few of his intimates ever attached any importance to anything he said. Harrold always talked "chivalry," and all his sympathy, as far as he had any, went Dixieward. In conversation he was obscene to such a degree as to render him loathsome to even his own associates.

His arrival at the Navy-yard, with that of Booth's body, attracted immense crowds thither, anxious to obtain a view of all that remains of the assassin and of Harrold, who in that neighborhood, was well known to everybody; but none were admitted save those holding passes signed by the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy.

THE ASSASSINS

THEIR PROBABLE HIDING-PLACE

Prince George, Charles, and St. Mary's
Counties, Md., Indicated.

THE AUTHORITIES VIGILANT.

Reported Accident to Booth.

HIS LEG PROBABLY FRACTURED.

Interesting Incidents of the Assassination

The Latest About Booth.

WASHINGTON, April 23, 1865.

Circumstances which have come to the knowledge of the Government, render it nearly certain that Booth's horse fell with him on Friday night (14th inst.), and, it is believed, caused a fracture of one of his legs. It is also reported that he has divested himself of his mustache.

The likeness of Booth published in *Harper's Weekly* is said to be correct. The attention of surgeons and the public is called to these circumstances. If Booth is lying concealed and wounded, the rewards offered and the detestation of his crime by all loyal citizens, will soon bring him to light.

Official.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 22, 1865.

Major-Gen. JOHN A. DIX, New-York: The counties of Prince George, Charles and St. Mary's have during the whole war been noted for hostility to the Government and their protection to Rebel blockade-runners, Rebel spies and every species of public enemies; the murderers of the President harbored there before the murder, and Booth fled in that direction. If he escapes it will be owing to Rebel accomplices in that region.

The military commander of the department will surely take measures to bring these Rebel sympathizers and accomplices in murder to a sense of their criminal conduct. EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

Suicide of a Supposed Accomplice.

From The Washington Star.

On Wednesday night a man who made several attempts at different points to pass the outer line of pickets around the city, was placed in the guard-room at Fort Thayer for examination, and there deliberately committed suicide by cutting the jugular vein on each side of the neck with a penknife. He was about five feet ten inches high, light curly hair and beard, small feet and delicate hands, was evidently educated, had on a new fine officer's fatigue coat, grey pants and vest, new under clothing, in double, and fine calf boots.

On him was found three hundred and twenty dollars, a penknife, two conflicting army discharges of the same date for George B. Love, a receipt from H. Stockbridge, of Baltimore, for two hundred and fifty dollars, from George B. Love for legal services, and a watch and chain.

The evidence seems to indicate that he was concerned in the assassination plot.

Card from Manager Ford.

As my name has been unhappily associated with the deplorable tragedy which has plunged the nation in sorrow, a brief statement is due the public—especially to those with whom I am personally acquainted.

Entertaining the highest respect and reverence for President Lincoln, I long ago placed the State box in my theatre in Washington at his command whenever he might see fit to attend the exhibitions; and of this privilege he has occasionally availed himself. On Tuesday, April 11, impetuous filial duty constrained me to go to Richmond, and I had, and could have no consultation, either in general or detail, with what transpired in Washington from that time forward.

John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, was not a member of my company, and had no engagement with me for over a year. As any actor who had attained some prominence in his profession, and was not suspected of evil intent would have had, he had the entire of my theater; and of this privilege he availed himself to perpetrate the infamous crime which no one less suspected, with which no one had less sympathy, which no one would have done more to prevent, which no one more deeply deplores than I; yet that it should have taken place in a building under my control will always add poignancy to the regret which I feel in common with my countrymen.

I have been surprised and pained to learn that since this event some persons, to whom my unvarying loyalty must be well known, have yet sought to place an unjust construction upon the fact that a Rebel band had played at my theater in Baltimore. That band came to me in Baltimore accredited as prisoners who had taken the oath of allegiance, and had performed at the War Department and at Grover's theater in Washington. Before receiving them I conferred with the military authorities, and engaged the band with their knowledge and full concurrence. They were instructed to play, and did play, the national airs, and played no Southern air or tune which could be construed as expressive of Southern sentiments or sympathies, except "Dixie," which our now lamented President had just proclaimed a "captured tune." It was designed but as a spectacle of captive musicians presenting a "captured tune," and as a gratification to loyal citizens. With such I have always acted, and to such this brief explanation, made at the earliest possible moment after my arrival home this morning, is due. Such can partially appreciate (I pray they may never fully know) the painful embarrassment in which this foul crime has placed me.

Baltimore, April 18, 1865.

JOHN T. FORD.

Statement of an Actor.

From the Chicago Post, April 20.

Mr. William J. Hawke of this city, who resides at No. 254 State-st., has received a letter from his son Harry, who is a member of Lytta Keene's theatrical company, who were playing "Our American Cousin" at Ford's Theater in Washington on the night of the horrid tragedy. He gives some new facts in reference to the assassination and the assassin. We are permitted to publish the letter, which is as follows:

WASHINGTON, April 16, 1865.

This is the first opportunity I have had to write to you since the assassination of our dear President on Friday night, as I have been in custody nearly ever since. I was one of the principal witnesses of that sad affair, being the only one on the stage at the time of the fatal shot. I was playing Asa Frenchard, in the American Cousin. The "old lady" of the theater had just gone off the stage, and I was answering her exit speech when I heard the shot fired; I turned, looked up at the President's box, heard the man exclaim, "See some tyrants!" saw him jump from the box, seize the flag on the staff, and drop to the stage. He slipped when he gained the stage, but got upon his feet in a moment, brandished a large knife, saying, "The South shall be free!" turned his face in the direction I stood, and I recognized him as John Wilkes Booth. He ran toward me, and I, seeing the knife, thought I was the one he was after, ran off the stage and up a flight of stairs. He made his escape out of a door directly in the rear of the theater, mounted a horse and rode off.

The above all occurred in the space of a quarter of a minute, and at the time I did not know that the President was shot; although if I had tried to stop him he would have stabbed me.

I am now under \$1,000 bail to appear as a witness when Booth is tried, if caught.

All the above I have sworn to. You may imagine the excitement in the theater, which was crowded, with cries of "Hang him!" "Who was he?" &c., from every one present.

In about fifteen minutes after the occurrence the President was carried out and across the street. I was requested to walk down to the police headquarters and give my evidence. They then put me under \$1,000 bonds to appear at ten o'clock next morning. I then walked about for some time, as the city was wild with excitement, and then I went to bed. At 3 o'clock I was called by an aid of the President to go to the house where he was lying to give another statement before Judge Carter, Secretary Stanton, and other high officials assembled there. I did so, and went to bed again. On Saturday I gave bail.

The Disadvantage of Looking Like Booth.

From the Boston Advertiser, April 22.

James L. Chapman, son of Sheriff Chapman of Pittsfield, Mass., bears so strong a resemblance to the assassin Booth that he was stopped three times while traveling on Wednesday, and made to establish his identity.

Retracing the Flight Of Lincoln's Assassin

By MARJORIE HUNTER
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, April 12 — It was Good Friday, 120 years ago. A man limped out the back door of Ford's Theater, jumped on his horse, and sped down darkened Baptist Alley.

Only minutes earlier, the theater audience had witnessed the most dramatic show ever staged there. John Wilkes Booth, an actor who had played the theater several times, had fatally wounded President Lincoln.

Ford's Theater still stands in downtown Washington, and most of the alleys and streets used by Booth are still there. On a recent walking tour sponsored by the National Park Service, in fact, Dr. Edwin Steers Jr., of the National Institutes of Health, a past president of the Lincoln Group of the District of Columbia, traced as much as is known about Booth's actions within the city that night of April 14, 1865. And later this month Dr. Steers will lead an even more extensive tour, tracing Booth's flight not just within the city but all the way to the Virginia farm where he was finally cornered and killed.

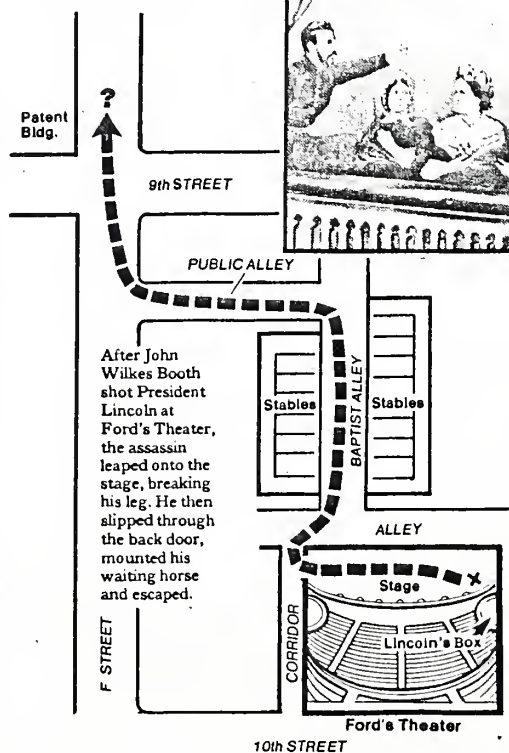
A Fateful Evening

The first tour began in Ford's Theater, on 10th Street Northwest, and covered a small downtown area. According to Dr. Steers, this is the sequence of events from that fateful evening:

Arriving in the alley behind the theater shortly after 9 o'clock on the night of the assassination, Booth called for Edman Spangler, a stagehand, to come hold his horse. Mr. Spangler, who had work to do inside, got an errand runner known today only as "Peanut John" to hold the mare.

Booth entered a saloon next door, had several drinks, and returned to Ford's by the front door, making his way to the doorway of the Presidential box on the right side of the theater. Lincoln's attention was focused on the stage, where a cast headed by Laura Keane was performing Tom Taylor's British comedy, "Our American Cousin."

Opening the box door, Booth shot the President through the head, raced to the front of the box and jumped to the stage, his right foot catching on the Treasury regimental flag as he fell. Despite the pain of the foot broken in the fall, Booth crossed the stage, made his way down a narrow corridor lined with dressing rooms



After John Wilkes Booth shot President Lincoln at Ford's Theater, the assassin leaped onto the stage, breaking his leg. He then slipped through the back door, mounted his waiting horse and escaped.

and out the back door into the alley.

Grabbing the reins from Peanut John, Booth mounted his mare and raced down Baptist Alley, so named because the theater once housed a Baptist Church. At the time of the assassination the alley was lined by stables, including one where Booth kept his horses, and by two shanties. The alley, stretching slightly downhill from the back of the theater, is still there, but the stables and shanties have long since been replaced by larger buildings.

According to Dr. Steers, Booth and his mare turned left from Baptist



had used that route of escape, turning right into F Street. The gate is no longer there.

An Uncertain Path

Little is known about Booth's movements in that area from then on. He may have ridden past the Patent Office, now the National Portrait Gallery, at the intersection of F and Ninth Streets. He may have turned right on Ninth or Eighth Street as he headed toward the Capitol, possibly passing Matthew Brady's photographic studio on Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Park Service's walking tour was confined to downtown Washington and included a few buildings that were standing in Lincoln's day. The tour did not cover the known route taken by Booth as he crossed the south grounds of the Capitol and across the Navy Yard Bridge on his way to southern Maryland, and later to Virginia.

3 States, 225 Miles

The more extensive tour, starting in the theater and tracing Booth's movements through Maryland and Virginia, will be conducted by Dr. Steers on April 27, under the auspices of Marker Tours. The 225-mile bus tour, costing \$26, will include such Maryland stops as the Surratt Tavern, in Surrattsville; the home of Dr. Samuel Mudd, who set Booth's broken foot, and a pine thicket where Booth hid for five days.

The tour also will include a number of Virginia sites, ending at the Garrett farm near Bowling Green, where Booth was cornered in a tobacco barn by the cavalry on April 25 and killed by a sergeant as the barn went up in flames.

Alley into what is known as Public Alley, then through an open gate into F Street, midway between Ninth and 10th Streets.

However, Jim Bishop, in his book "The Day Lincoln Was Shot," said Booth had shunned Public Alley because of the gate and instead had ridden into Ninth Street, a block behind the theater.

Dr. Steers maintains that careful research, including testimony at the trial of conspirators implicated in the assassination plot, shows that Booth had seen to it that the F Street gate was left open that night and that he



ON THE night of April 14, 1865—59 years ago—Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, was assassinated while sitting in a box at Ford's theater in Washington. The shot was fired by John Wilkes Booth. Never before nor since has the nation been so stunned and grieved. It was truly a time that tried the souls of men and women. Never was there such unanimous determination in capturing and punishing the man guilty of this crime.

The pursuit and capture of Booth was one of the most exciting episodes in criminal annals. Many stories have been written setting forth the details of the grim chase. One of the best was from the pen of George Alfred Townsend, one of the star Washington correspondents of that generation.

Townsend was born at Georgetown, Del., January 30, 1811. He died in 1914. His father, the Rev. Stephen Townsend, was a remarkable man. For 50 years he preached the gospel of Methodism. At the age of 59 he felt the need of a little diversification in his labors and therefore studied and practiced medicine along with his preaching. At 70 the old gentleman obtained the degree of Ph. D. by actual university study. With such an energetic father it is no wonder that young Townsend made good at an early age. When he graduated from the high school of Philadelphia, Pa. in 1830, he at once tackled the newspaper game. His first job was on the Philadelphia Press, where he soon became dramatic critic and city editor. This was in 1850. At this time he also began his career as a public speaker. In 1862 he became war correspondent for the New York Herald. Later that year he went to Europe and wrote for various American and English periodicals, and gave a series of lectures on the Civil war. In 1864 he became war correspondent of the New York World. At the close of hostilities he entered the field as a professional lecturer, but between lectures continued miscellaneous writings for the press. In 1866 he went to Europe to report the Austro-Prussian war. His pen name, "Gath," was first used in 1868 in letters to the Chicago Tribune. Some of the papers to which he contributed were the Cleveland Leader, Cincinnati Commercial and Missouri Democrat. His leading publications in book form are "The Bohemians," a play; "Campaigns of a Non-Combatant," "Life of Garibaldi," "Real Life of Abraham Lincoln," "The New World Compared With the Old," "Washington Outside and Inside," "Tales of the Chesapeake," "Bohemian Days," "The Entailed Hat," "President Cromwell" and "Katy of Catoctin."

TOWNSEND'S STORY

It was on the night of April 28, 1865, that Townsend wrote his great account of the pursuit and capture of Booth, which reads as follows:

"A hard and grizzly face overlooks me as I write. Its inconsiderable forehead is crowned with turning sandy hair, and the deep concave of its long, insatiate jaws is almost hidden by a dense red beard, which can not still abate the terrible decision of the large mouth, so well sustained by searching eyes of spotted gray, which follow and rivet one. This is the face of Lafayette Baker, colonel and chief of staff of the secret service. He has played the most perilous parts of the war, and is the capturer of the late President's murderer. The story that I am to tell you, as he and his trusty dependents told it to me, will be aptly commenced here, where the net was woven which took the dying life of Wilkes Booth.

"When the murder occurred Colonel Baker was absent from Washington. He returned on the third morning and was at once brought by Secretary Stanton to join



George Alfred Townsend

the hue and cry against the escaped Booth. The sagacious detective found that nearly 10,000 cavalry, and one-fourth as many policemen, had been meantime scouring, without plan or compass, the whole territory of southern Maryland. They were treading on each other's heels and mixing up the thing so confoundedly that the best place for the culprits to have gone would have been in the very midst of their pursuers. Baker at once possessed himself of the little War department had learned, and started immediately to take the usual detective measures, till then neglected, of offering a reward and getting out photographs of the suspected ones. He then dispatched a few chosen detectives to certain vital points and awaited results.

The first of these was the capture of Atzeroth. Others, like the taking of Dr. Mudd, simultaneously occurred. But the district suspected being remote from the railway routes and broken by no telegraph station, the Colonel, to place himself nearer the theater of events, ordered an operator with the necessary instrument to tap the wire running to Point Lookout, near Chappell's Point, and send him prompt messages.

"The steamer which took down the operator and two detectives brought back one of the same detectives and a negro. This negro, taken to Colonel Baker's office, stated so positively that he had seen Booth and another man crossing the Potomac in a fishing boat, while he was looking down on them from a bank, that the Colonel was at first skeptical; but when examined the negro answered so readily and intelligently, recognizing the men from the photographs, that Baker knew at last he had the true scent.

CAVALRY IN PURSUIT

"Straightway he sent to General Hancock for 25 men and while the order was going drew down his coast survey maps with that quick detective intuition amounting almost to inspiration. He cast upon the probable route and destination of the refugees, as well as the point where he would soonest strike them. Booth, he knew, would not keep along the coast, with frequent deep rivers to cross, nor, indeed, in any direction east of Richmond, where he was liable at any time to cross our lines of occupation; nor, being lame, could he ride on horse-

the soft clay, nor broke the all-freeding silence anywhere, till the second gate swung open gratingly; yet even then nor hoarse nor shrill response came back, save distant croaking, as of frogs or owls, or the whiz of some passing night-hawk. So they surrounded the pleasant old homestead, each horseman, carbine in poise, adjusted under the grove of locusts, so as to inclose the dwelling with a circle of fire. After a pause, Baker rode to the kitchen door on the side, and dismounting, rapped and hallooed lustily. An old man, in drawers and nightshirt, hastily undrew the bolts and stood in the threshold, peering shivering into the darkness. Baker seized him by the throat at once and held a pistol to his ear. 'Who—who is it that calls me?' cried the old man. 'Where are the men who stay with you?' challenged Baker. 'If you prevaricate you are a dead man!' The old fellow, who proved to be the head of the family, was so overawed and paralyzed that he stammered and shook, and said not a word. 'Go light a candle,' cried Baker sternly, 'and be quick about it.' The trembling old man obeyed, and in a moment the imperfect rays flared upon his whitening hairs and bluish pallid face. Then the question was repeated, backed up by the glimmering pistol. 'Where are those men?' The old man held to the wall, and his knees smote each other. 'They are gone,' he said. 'We haven't got them in the house; I assure you they are gone.' Here there were sounds and whisperings

in the main building adjoining, and the lieutenant strode toward the door. A ludicrous instant intervened. The old man's modesty outran his terror. 'Don't go in there,' he said feebly; 'there are women undressed in there.'

THE BARN

"In the interim Conger had also appeared, and while the household and the invaders were thus in tableau, a young man appeared as if he had risen from the ground. The muzzles of everybody turned on him in a second; but while he blanched, he did not lose his loquacity. 'Father,' he said, 'we had better tell the truth about this matter. Those men whom you seek, gentlemen, are in the barn, I know. They went there to sleep.' Leaving one soldier to guard the old man—and the soldier was very glad of the job, as it relieved him of personal hazard in the approaching combat—all the rest, with cocked pistols at the young man's head, followed on to the barn. It lay a hundred yards from the house, the front barn-door facing the west gable, and was an old and spacious structure, with floors only a trifle above the ground level. The troops dismounted, were stationed at regular intervals around it, and ten yards distant at every point, four special guards placed to command the door, and all with weapons in supple preparation, while Baker and Conger went direct to the door. It had a padlock upon it, and the key of this Baker secured at once. In the interval of silence that ensued the rustling of planks and straw was heard inside, as of persons rising from sleep. At the same moment Baker hailed:

"To the persons in this barn. I have a proposal to make; we are about to send in to you the son of the man in whose custody you are found. Either surrender to him your arms and then give yourselves up, or we'll set fire to the place. We mean to take you both, or to have a bonfire or a shooting match.' No answer came to this of any kind. The lad, John M. Garrett, who was in deadly fear, was here pushed through the door by a sudden opening of it, and immediately Lieutenant Baker locked the door on the outside. The boy was heard to state his appeal in undertone. Booth replied: 'Damn you. Get out of here. You have betrayed me.' At the same time he placed his hand in his pocket as for a pistol. A remonstrance followed, but the boy slipped out of the reopened portal, reporting that his errand had failed, and that he dared not enter again. All this

time the candle brought to the house door to the barn was burning close beside the two detectives, rendering it easy for anyone within to have shot them dead. This observed, the light was cautiously removed and everybody took care to keep out of its reflection. By this time the crisis of the position was at hand; the cavalry exhibited very variable inclinations, some to run away, others to shoot Booth without a summons, but all excited and fitfully silent. At the house nearby the female folks were seen collected in the doorway and the necessities of the case provoked prompt conclusions. The boy was placed at a remote point, and the summons repeated by Baker.

"You must surrender inside there. Give up your arms and appear. There is no chance for escape. We give you five minutes to make up your mind."

A BOLD REPLY

"A bold, clarion reply came from within, so strong as to be heard at the house door:

"Who are you, and what do you want with us?"

"Baker again urged: 'We want you to deliver up your arms and become our prisoners.'

"But who are you?" hallooed the same strong voice.

"Baker: 'That makes no difference. We know who you are, and we want you. We have here 50 men, armed with carbines and pistols. You can not escape.' There was a long pause, and then Booth said: 'Captain, this is a hard case, I swear. Perhaps I am being taken by my own friends.' No reply from the detectives.

"Booth: 'Well, give us a little time to consider.'

"Baker: 'Very well; take time.'

"Here ensued a long and eventful pause. What thronging memories it brought to Booth we can only guess. In this little interval he made the resolve to die; but he was cool and steady to the end. Baker, after a lapse, hailed for the last time.

"Well, we have waited long enough. Surrender your arms and come out, or we'll fire the barn."

"Booth answered thus: 'I am but a cripple, a one-legged man. Withdraw your forces 100 yards from the door, and I will come. Give me a chance for my life, captain. I will never be taken alive.'

"Baker: 'We did not come here to fight, but to capture you. I say again, appear, or the barn shall be fired.'

BOOTH'S DEFIANCE

"Then, with a long breath, which could be heard outside, Booth cried, in sudden calmness, still invisible, as we were to him, his enemies:

"Well, then, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me."

"There was a pause repeated, broken by low discussions within between Booth and his associate, the former saying, as if in answer to some remonstrance or appeal, 'Get away from me. You are a damned coward, and mean to leave me in my distress; but go, go. I don't want you to stay.' Then he shouted aloud: 'There's a man inside who wants to surrender.'

"Baker: 'Let him come, if he will bring his arms.' Here Herold, rattling at the door, said: 'Let me out; open the door; I want to surrender.'

"Baker: 'Hand out your arms, then.'

"Herold: 'I have not got any.'

"Baker: 'You are the man who carried the carbine yesterday; bring it out.'

"Herold: 'I haven't got any.'

"This was said in a whining tone, and with an almost visible shiver. Booth cried aloud, at this hesitation: 'He hasn't got any arms; they are mine, and I have kept them.'

"Baker: 'Well, he carried the carbine, and must bring it out.'

"Booth: 'On the word and honor of a gentleman, he has no arms with him. They are mine, and I have got them.'

At this time Herold was quite close up to the door, within whispering distance of Baker. The latter told him to put out his hands to be handcuffed, at the same time drawing open the door a little distance. Herold thrust forth his hands, when Baker, seizing him, jerked him into the night and straightway delivered him over to a detachment of cavalymen. The fellow began to talk of his innocence and plead so noisily that Conger threatened to gag him unless he ceased. Then Booth made his last appeal in the same clear, unbroken voice:

"Captain, give me a chance. Draw off your men and I will fight them singly. I could have killed you six times tonight, but I believe you to be a brave man, and would not murder you. Give a lame man a show."

THE FIRE

"It was too late for parley. All this time Booth's voice had sounded from the middle of the barn. Ere he ceased speaking, Colonel Conger, slipping around to the rear, drew some loose straws through a crack, and lit them with a match. They were dry and blazed up in an instant, carrying a sheet of smoke and flame through the parted planks, and leaving in a twinkling a world of light and heat upon the magazine within. The blaze lit up the black recesses of the great barn till every wasp's nest and cobweb in the roof was luminous, flinging streaks of red and violet across the tumbled farn gear in the corner, plows, harrows, hoes, rakes, sugar mills, and making every separate grain in the high bin adjacent gleam like a mote of precious gold. They tinged the beams, the upright columns, the barricades, where clover and timothy, piled high, held toward the hot incendiary their separate straws for the funeral pile. They bathed the murderer's retreat in a beautiful illumination, and while in bold outline his figure stood revealed, they rose like an impenetrable wall to guard from sight the hated enemy who lit them. Behind the blaze, with his eye to a crack, Conger saw Wilkes Booth standing upright upon a crutch. He likens him at this instant to his brother Edwin, whom he says he so much resembled that he half believed, for the moment, the whole pursuit to have been a mistake. At the gleam of the fire Wilkes dropped his crutch and carbine, and on both hands crept up to the spot to espy the incendiary and shoot him dead. His eyes were lustrous like fever, and swelled and rolled in terrible beauty, while his teeth were fixed, and he wore the expression of one in the calmness before frenzy. In vain he peered with vengeance in his look; the blaze that made him visible concealed his enemy. A second he turned glaring at the fire, as if to leap upon it and extinguish it, but it had made such headway that this was a futile impulse and he dismissed it. As calmly as upon a battlefield a veteran stands in the midst of hail of ball and shell and plunging iron, Booth turned at a man's stride and pushed for the door, carbine in poise, and the last resolve of death, which we name despair, set on his high, bloodless forehead.

THE FATAL SHOT

"As so he dashed, intent to expire not unaccompanied, a disobedient sergeant at an eye-hole drew upon him the fatal bead. The barn was all glorious with conflagration and in the beautiful ruin this outlawed man strode like all that we know of wicked valor stern in the face of death. A shock, a shout, a gathering up of his splendid figure as if to overleap the stature God gave him, and John Wilkes Booth fell headlong to the floor, lying there in a heap, a little life remaining.

"He has shot himself," cried Baker, unaware of the source of the report, and rushing in, he grasped his arms to guard against any feint or strategy. A moment convinced him that further struggle with the prone flesh was useless. Booth did not

move, nor gasp, nor gasp, and taking up the body they bore it in haste from the advancing flames and laid it without upon the grass, all fresh with heavenly dew. 'Water,' cried Conger, 'bring water.'

"When this was dashed into his face he revived a moment, and stirred his lips. Baker put his ear close down and heard him say: 'Tell mother—I die—for my country.'

"They lifted him again, the fire encroaching in hotness upon them, and placed him on the porch before the dwelling. A mattress was brought down, on which they placed him and propped his head, and gave him water and brandy. The women of the household, joined meantime by another son, who had been found in one of the corner-cribs, watching, as he said, to see that Booth and Herold did not steal the horses, were nervous, but prompt to do the dying man all kindness, although waved sternly back by the detectives. They dipped a rag in brandy and water, and this being put between Booth's teeth he sucked it greedily. When he was able to articulate again, he muttered to Mr. Baker the same words, with an addenda. 'Tell mother I died for my country. I thought I did for the best.' Baker repeated this, saying at the same time, 'Booth, do I repeat it correctly?' Booth nodded his head. By this time the grayness of dawn was approaching; moving figures inquisitively coming near were to be seen distinctly, and the cocks began to crow gutturally, though the barn by this time was a hulk of blaze and ashes, sending toward the zenith a spiral line of dense smoke. The women became importunate at this time that the troops might be ordered to extinguish the fire, which was spreading toward their precious corner-cribs. Not even death could banish the call of interest. Soldiers were sent to put out the fire, and Booth, relieved of the bustle around him, drew near to death apace. Twice he was heard to say, 'Kill me, kill me.' His lips often moved, but could complete no appreciable sound. He made once a motion which the quick eye of Conger understood to mean that his throat pained him. Conger put his finger there, when the dying man attempted to cough, but only caused the blood at his perforated neck to flow more lively. He bled very little, although shot quite through, beneath and behind the ears, his collar being severed on both sides. A soldier had been meanwhile dispatched for a doctor, but the route and return was quite six miles, and the sinner was sinking fast. Still, the women made efforts to get to see him, but were always rebuffed, and all the brandy they could find was demanded by the assassin, who motioned for strong drink every two minutes. He made frequent desires to be turned over, not by speech but by gesture, and he was alternately placed upon his back, belly and side. His tremendous vitality evidenced itself almost miraculously. Now and then his heart would cease to throb, and his pulse, would be as cold as a dead man's. Directly life would begin anew, the face would flush up effulgently, would again be dispossessed by the same magnificent triumph of man over mortality. Finally the fussy little doctor arrived, in time to be useless. He probed the wound to see if the ball were not in it, and shook his head sagely, and talked learnedly.

"USELESS, USELESS!"

"Just at his coming Booth had asked to have his hands raised and shown him. They were so paralyzed that he did not know their location. When they were displayed he muttered, with a sad lethargy, 'Useless, useless.' These were the last words he ever uttered. As he began to die the sun rose and threw beams into all the treetops. It was of a man's height when the struggle of death twitched and fingered in the fading bravo's face. His jaw drew spasmodically and obliquely downward; his eyeballs rolled

toward his feet and began to swell; lividness, like a horrible shadow, fastened upon him, and, with a sort of gurgle and sudden check, he stretched his feet and threw his head back and gave up the ghost.

"They sewed him up in a saddle blanket. This was his shroud; too like a soldier's. Herold, meantime, had been tied to a tree, but was now released for the march. Colonel Conger pushed on immediately for Washington; the cortege was to follow. Booth's only arms were his carbine, knife and two revolvers. They found about him bills of exchange, Canadian money and a diary. A venerable old negro living in the vicinity had the misfortune to possess a horse. This horse was a relic of former generations, and showed by his protruding ribs the general leanness of the land. He moved in an eccentric amble, and when put upon his speed was generally run backward. To this old negro's horse was harnessed a very shaky and absurd wagon, which rattled like approaching dissolution, and each part of it ran without any connection or correspondence with any other part. It had no tail-board, and its shafts were sharp as famine; and into this mimicry of a vehicle the murderer was to be sent to the Potomac river, while the man he had murdered was moving in state across the mourning continent. The old negro geared up his wagon by means of a set of fossil harness, and when it was backed to Garrett's porch they laid within it the discolored corpse. The corpse was tied with ropes

around the legs and made fast to the wagon sides. Herold's legs were tied to stirrups, and he was placed in the center of our murderous looking cavalymen. The two sons of Garrett were also taken along, despite the sobs and petitions of the old folks and women, but the rebel captain who had given Booth a lift got off amidst the night's agitations and was not rearrested. So moved the cavalcade of retribution, with death in its midst, along the road to Port Royal.

"MURDERER'S BLOOD!"

"When the wagon started, Booth's wound, till now merely dribbling, began to run anew. It fell through the crack of the wagon and fell dripping upon the axle, and spotting the road with terrible waters. It stained the planks and soaked the blankets; and the old negro, at a stoppage, dabbled his hands in it by mistake; he drew back instantly, with a shudder and stifled expletive, 'Gor-r-r, dat'll never come off in de world; it's murderer's blood.' He wrung his hands and looked imploringly at the officers, and shuddered again. 'Gor-r-r, I wouldn't have dat on me for a tounan', tounan' dollars.' The progress of the wagon was slow, with frequent danger of wreckage, but toward noon the cortege filed through Port Royal, where the citizens came out to ask what was the matter, and why a man's body, covered with somber blankets, was going by with so great an escort. They were told that it was a wounded Confederate, and so held their tongues. The little ferry, again in requisition, took them over by squads, and they pushed from Port Conway to Belle Plain, which they reached in the middle of the afternoon. All the way the blood dribbled from the corpse in a slow, incessant, sanguine exudation. The old negro was niggardly dismissed with two paper dollars; the dead man untied and cast upon the vessel's deck, steam was gotten up in a little while, and the broad Potomac shores saw this skeleton ship lit by, as the bloody sun threw gushes and blots of unhealthy light along the silver surface.

"All the way associated with the carcass went Herold, shuddering in so grim companionship; and in the awakened fears of his own approaching ordeal, beyond which it loomed already, the gossamer fabric of a scaffold. He tried to talk for his own exoneration, saying he had ridden, as was his wont, beyond the East Branch, and returning, found Booth wounded, who begged him to be his companion. Of his crime he

knew nothing, so help him, God, etc. But nobody listened to him. All interest of crime, courage and retribution centered in the dead flesh at his feet. At Washington, high and low turned out to look on Booth. Only a few were permitted to see his corpse for purposes of recognition.

SECRET SERVICE

"Yesterday the Secretary of War, without instructions of any kind, committed to Col. Lafayette Baker the stark corpse of J. Wilkes Booth. The secret service never fulfilled its volition more secretly. 'What have you done with the body?' said I to Baker. 'That is known,' he answered, 'to only one man living besides myself. It is gone. I will not tell you where. The only man who knows is sworn to silence. Never till the great trumpeter comes shall the grave of Booth be discovered.' And this is true. Last night, the 27th of April, a small rowboat received the carcass of the murderer; two men were in it; they carried the body off into the darkness; and out of that darkness it will never return. In the darkness, like his great crime, may it remain forever, impalpable, invisible, nondescript, condemned to that worse than damnation, annihilation. The river bottom may ooze about it, laden with great shot and drowning manacles. The earth may have opened to give it that silence and forgiveness which man will never give its memory. The fishes may swim around it, or the daisies grow white above it, but we shall never know. Mysterious, incomprehensible, unattainable, like the dim times through which we live and think upon as if we only dreamed them in perturbing fever, the assassin of a nation's head rests somewhere in the elements, and that is all; but if the indignant seas or the profaned turf shall ever vomit this

corpse from their recesses, and it receives humane or Christian burial from some who do not recognize it, let the last words those decaying lips ever uttered be carved above them with a dagger, to tell the history of a young and once promising life—useless—useless!"

Booth's possessions, at the time of his capture, consisting of two pistols, a belt, a bowie knife, a pipe, a diary, some money and a compass (the latter covered with tallow from a candle held at night to see in which direction he was going), were turned over to Secretary of War Stanton.

IDENTITY CERTAIN

In order to be absolutely certain that the body brought from the Garrett farm was that of John Wilkes Booth, a careful post mortem examination was held. Dr. May, a reputable Washington physician, who had some two years before removed a tumor from Booth's neck, was called as a witness and positively identified the scar. The testimony of half a dozen other witnesses placed the identification beyond all doubt.

From that day to this irresponsible gossipers have taken delight in spreading the rumor that Booth was never captured nor killed, but that he made good his escape and only died in Oklahoma—some declare it was Texas—just a few years ago. There is just about as much truth in that statement as there is that Calvin Coolidge and King George of England are going to swap jobs next week.

After the passage of several years it was no longer necessary to keep the burial place of Booth a secret. It became known that his body had been placed beneath the stone floor of a cell in the old District of Columbia jail, which stood on the bank of the river. Upon the request of his relatives, some years later, the body was exhumed and removed to the family burial plot in Greenmount cemetery, Baltimore, where it is today.

"I had been four years in the United States Secret Service before Lincoln was assassinated," said Capt. William Williams, the veteran detective secret service agent. "The night he was shot I was standing in Dec. Claggett's restaurant, corner Tenth street and Pennsylvania avenue. A man rushed in and said to me, 'For God's sake, go up to Ford's Theater! President Lincoln has been shot!' There was a stampede from the restaurant immediately. When I got to the theater all was confusion and excitement. The people were wild. The lieutenant of the Invalid Corps ordered me to get the President's cavalry from the White House as quickly as possible. I started off up the street at my best speed. When I got to the White House I could not speak but stood there breathless and gesticulating. At last I spluttered out, 'The President has been shot!' The officer in command of the cavalry knew the President was at the theater. He did not ask another question. I heard a few quick orders cried out; there was a sudden scramble of men, a clattering of hoofs, and away dashed the cavalry down the avenue, like the rush of a whirlwind. It was beautiful. When the cavalry arrived upon the scene they cleared Tenth street from E to F, and set a guard around the entire place.

"It was an hour or two after this that Gen. O'Beirne, who was provost marshal of the district, ordered me to report to him at the Kirkwood House, corner of Twelfth and Pennsylvania avenue, where the Palais Royal stands.

"Vice-President Johnson was at that house, occupying the front suite of rooms on the second floor. I met Gen. O'Beirne in his office.

"Have you got your pistol?" he asked.

"I have, indeed," I replied.

"Well, you'd better examine it and see if it's loaded, and go up on the second floor and stay with Vice-President Johnson.

"I took my pistol out and walked up the steps, examining it. A sentry was pacing up and down the hall with a loaded musket. Just as I got there, with my pistol in my hand, the Vice-President came out of the door to cross the hall. He spied me and my pistol, and jumped back, getting the sentry between us. 'Who is that man?' he cried.

"I don't know, sir," said the sentry.

"Put him down stairs!" he roared, dodging behind the sentry.

"Get down!" commanded the sentry.

"Hold on," said I; "let me explain."

"Get down!" repeated the sentry, cocking his gun and taking aim at me. That was enough. I bolted. I went down the stairs as if I had been shot out of a gun. Then General O'Beirne brought me up, and, introducing me to the Vice-President, told me to stay there all night.

"I sat down in a chair by the door, pistol in hand. The Vice-President was excited and nervous. He paced up and down the floor, turning like a caged lion. Occasionally he would wring his hands and mutter: 'They will suffer for it! They will suffer for it!' meaning the South, I suppose. At every unusual noise in the street—and there were plenty of them that night—he would start nervously and say: 'What's that?' Occasionally some one on the street would throw a piece of coal or stone, wrapped in paper, through the window. Then he would dart to the other side of the room and order me to pick it up. We were afraid of torpedoes.

"About daylight there was a rush of cavalry down the street, with clatter of hoofs and clanking of sabres. They drew up short before the hotel. The commotion frightened him. 'See what's the matter,' he commanded. At that moment General O'Beirne came up stairs. 'Williams, I want you to take this cavalry and hunt Booth. Do not come back here until you find him!' he said. Lieutenant Lovett commanded the cavalry. 'Lead, captain, and we will follow!' he said. I mounted a big black stallion and away we dashed to the East. I knew Booth had turned East on F street, after leaving the theater, and that the Eastern Branch Bridge road would be his only route. Just as the sun was rising we reached the Eastern Branch Bridge. A guard was stationed there and a sentry ran out into the road brandishing his musket and ordering us to halt. On we swept at a breakneck pace, bearing down upon the sentry. I was in the lead, and, putting spurs to my horse, he jumped clear over the sentry, knocking him down.

Of course, we were beyond halting by the time the corporal of the guard arrived. We kept on all, at a steady gait and soon reached Surrattsville, about twelve miles down the Marlborough road. At this place John M. Lloyd kept tavern. I had been told by some colored people that a man and a woman in a buggy had left some articles with Lloyd a couple of nights before.

"This was Mrs. Surratt and her companion who had left two carbines with Lloyd to be given to two men, Booth and Herold, who were to call for them. I met Lloyd up the road and went back to the tavern with him.

"Where are those things left with you two nights ago?" I demanded. He grew very red in the face, then gave in, and produced one of the carbines he had hidden. I sent him back to Washington under guard, and we proceeded on to Bryantown, making inquiries along the way. Four miles from Bryantown lived Dr. Samuel A. Mudd. I left the cavalry at Bryantown, and rode over with Lieutenant Lovett and two Secret Service men to Dr. Mudd's. He was not in, but his wife sent for him. We took dinner with him, and questioned him closely, but he said he had seen nothing of strangers in that neighborhood. We went away and began a diligent scouring in the country for Booth. We came to Dr. Mudd's in a few hours, and questioned him again. 'I forgot to tell you when you were here the last time,' he said, 'that a stranger passed here. He had hurt his leg, and I dressed it. He also shaved off his moustache.'

"I called for the soap and razor the man had used, and it was brought. Then I showed Dr. Mudd a picture of the man who had shot the President."

"Oh, that's not the man who was here. I know Booth by sight. It was not he!"

Just then Mrs. Mudd came to the door, and said that the boot the injured man had worn was upstairs. It was brought down. I turned the leg inside out, and there was printed 'J. Wilkes,' the rest being blurred out, and the name of the maker in New York. I called Dr. Mudd over to the window and said, 'What do you think of this?'

"He looked at it and said, 'For Heaven's sake don't mix me up in this case.' Then I sent Dr. Mudd to Washington under guard. We spent nearly all of our time in the saddle scouring the country, getting but few opportunities to sleep. Then General Hancock came down and put Bryantown under martial law. The most rigid penalties were attached to giving Booth a drink of water or a crust of bread. I soon satisfied myself that Booth was not in Maryland, and asked General Hancock to let me go over into Virginia, but he refused. One day along came Captain Doherty with his cavalry, crossed over to the Virginia side, and soon captured Booth. The details of the capture do not need repeating."



TRUE TO WILKES BOOTH

A Man Who Would Not Betray Him
Though Offered \$300,000.

FACE TO FACE WITH A DETECTIVE

The Man Who Ferried the Murderer
Across the Potomac Meets Captain Williams,
Who Led the Pursuit After the
Memorable Ford's Theater Tragedy.

JOHAN WILKES BOOTH, with a broken ankle, sick, and suffering the tortures of the damned, was placed in his hands to be spirited across the river, and \$300,000, or even \$3,000,000, would not have caused him to turn traitor to the Southern Confederacy, the people he loved, and surrender a man whose life was in his keeping, even if he did know he had assassinated President Lincoln.

The speaker was Thomas A. Jones, who was recently discharged from the Washington navy-yard through the influence of Congressman Mudd, of Maryland, and by the direct order of the Secretary of the Navy, who knew that Jones had played a



THOMAS A. JONES.

prominent part in the escape of John Wilkes Booth.

When Jones delivered himself of the sentence quoted he was standing face to face with Capt. William Williams in his detective office on F street. The meeting between the two men occurred yesterday. Captain Williams had been four years in the United States Secret Service before Lincoln was assassinated, and was the first man to go to Maryland in search of the assassin, and it was he who had offered Jones \$300,000 to tell where Booth was secreted, though, of course, he did not know that Jones possessed the facts he so much desired.

Captain Williams was well acquainted with Booth, and on the night of the assassination, April 14, 1865, he passed Booth standing in front of Ford's Theater, and asked him to join him in a glass of beer. Booth thanked him and declined. While the captain was in Doc Cleggett's restaurant, corner Tenth and Pennsylvania avenue, the alarm was sent out that the President had been shot at Ford's Theater. The captain ran to the theater, and there he was ordered to bring the cavalry from the White House. The order was carried out, and in a few moments the clatter of the cavalry horses sounded down the avenue. After Captain Williams returned to the theater Provost Marshal O'Beirne ordered him to report to the Kirkwood House, where the Fabris Hotel now stands, and where Vice President Johnson was living, and to guard him. This the captain did through the long and trying night. There was little rest for the Vice President.

He paced the floor of his room and would wring his hands and say "they shall suffer for this. They shall suffer for this."

About daylight a cavalry under command of Lieutenant Lovett, dashed up to the front of the hotel, and General O'Beirne commanded Captain Williams to take the cavalry and hunt Booth.

"Where must I go?" asked the captain. "How do I know?" replied the general. "Go and don't return to Washington until you find Booth, but mind don't harm a hair of his head!"

Mounting a magnificent charger the captain clapped spurs, and with a "Come boys!" the cavalry were soon going at a rapid speed toward the Eastern Branch Bridge, which was successfully crossed by the captain knocking the sentry down by running over him with his horse.

"There was no time to stand and explain to the sentry," said the captain; "time was precious."

The first stop was made at Surrattsville, where John M. Lloyd kept a tavern, and at which place Mrs. Surratt had left a field glass and two carbines for Booth and Herold. Lloyd was arrested and sent back to Washington under guard.

"And from here we went to Bryantown," said the captain, eyeing Jones closely, "and of course I remember you. I can never forget that come-to-the-Lord-and-be-saved expression you wear now and wore then. But if I had known then what I do now, how different would things have been! Why, you ought to be shot! If you had told me where Booth was you would have been the biggest man in America, and would have had money by the flour barrel full."

"Yes, and a conscience as black as purgatory," said Jones, "and the everlasting hatred of the people I loved. No, captain, I never the first time thought of betraying Booth. After he was placed in my hands I determined to die before I would betray him."

"Who placed him in your hands?"

"Samuel Cox. It was on the morning of the 16th of April, Sunday morning, that one of Cox's white men came to my house on Huckleberry Farm, and told me that Cox wanted to see me at once. I suspected something, as I had heard the evening before that Lincoln had been killed. I had a horse saddled and rode over to Cox's and there he told me that Booth and Herold had been there, and wanted assistance to get across the river. I was told where the men were—in a pine thicket, about a mile and a-half from the house. I was given instructions how to reach them without being shot—certain signs by whistling, &c. Upon reaching the dense pines I met Herold, to whom I explained that I was sent by Cox. I was then piloted to where Booth was. He lay on the ground, wrapped in a pile of blankets, and his face bore traces of pain. Booth asked me many questions as to what people thought of the assassination. He appeared to be proud of what he had done. I at the time thought he had done a good act, but, great God! I soon saw that it was the worst blow ever struck for the South."

"Well, captain, I can talk now, and I did the best I could for the poor fellow. I carried him something to eat and papers to read, and tried to keep him in good spirits until I got a chance to send him across the river. The country, as you know, was full of soldiers and detectives, and I did not know how soon I could get him away. I think it was the following Tuesday I went up to Port Tobacco to see how 'the land lay,' and it was there, in the bar of Brawner's Hotel, you said you would give \$300,000 to any man who would tell where Booth was."

"Yes, and if you had given me the information you would to-day be General Jones instead of a discharged laborer from the navy yard."

"That may be true, but how could I give up the life of that poor devil over there in the pine thicket hovering between life and death, and the confidence reposed in me by the best friend I ever had, Samuel Cox? I was a creature of circumstances. I did not know Booth, but when Cox put him in my keeping nothing would have tempted me to betray him. I could have placed my hands on him, but honor and truth were worth more to me than the entire wealth of the Government."

"I have lived in plenty and I have lived

in poverty, but God knows I have never betrayed a trust or done that which I believed dishonorable. While I was not ashamed of the part I played in that sad tragedy, I was never given to speaking of it. I preferred to have it buried with the past, and but for the mean little spite-work of Congressman Mudd this matter would have never come out."

"But to return to Booth and Herold. I did the best I could for them—gave them plenty to eat and waited my chance. At the expiration of the sixth day I was over at Allen's Fresh and heard the officers give orders for the cavalry to go down in St. Mary's county, that the assassins were there. This was my chance, and mounting my horse I made good time to where Booth and Herold were concealed. Booth was glad to know that his time to get into Virginia had come."

"The night was dark, and Herold and I lifted Booth onto my horse. I went a little in advance and Herold walked by the horse, leading him. Our progress was slow, but we finally reached my house and I made the two men stay in the orchard while I went in to get them something to eat. Booth wanted to get off the horse and go in, but I knew it would never do, as there were too many negroes about. His appeals were pitiful, but it was the best I could do."

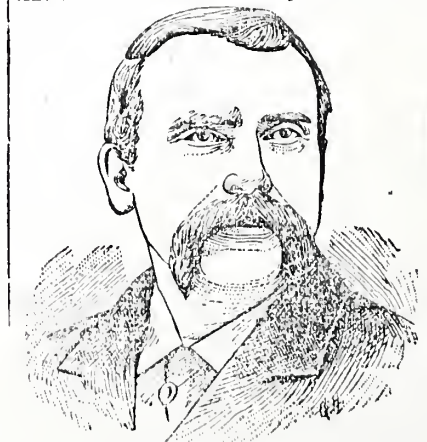
"I had already told my negro, Henry Woodland, where to leave the boat, and after we got supper we proceeded to the river. We lifted Booth from the horse and carried him to the boat and placed him in the stern, while Herold took the oars. I then lighted a candle and showed Booth by his compass how to steer to get into Machodoc creek, and gave him directions to Mrs. Quesenberry's, who I thought would take care of him."

"Booth was profuse in his thanks to me, and gave me a few dollars for my boat. He offered me more, but I thought he would need money worse than I, though it was the only boat I had. That was the last I saw of Booth."

"You remember my being under arrest at Bryantown?" said Jones to the captain.

"Yes, and Jones, let me say to you that myself and other officers believe that you knew more than you would tell, but that sanctimonious look of yours saved you."

"Well, I could sit there and hear orders given and reports received which I knew were lies. Some of the reports of the scouting parties were lies made out of the whole cloth, but, of course, I said nothing. I knew Booth had hit the Virginia shore. I was cursed and abused until I felt I could not restrain myself. Every body seemed to have a special spite at me. When you posted the bills ordering all citizens to join in the search for Booth, and that to furnish bread or water to him meant death, I felt shakier than ever. After keeping me there at the hotel several days I was told that I would have to come to Washington, and was sent here in an ambulance in charge of Detective Franklin, of Philadelphia, who used every effort to get me drunk and make me tell what I knew. He didn't succeed by a long jump,



CAPT. WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

and finally gave up and took it out in cursing me. I remained seven weeks in Carroll prison, and was not used as a wit-

ness, because nobody knew that I knew anything."

"Did you know that Booth was going to kill Lincoln?"

"Upon the word of a man I did not. I did know that plans were made to kidnap the President and take him to Richmond, and, if the public roads had not been in such an awful condition in the fall and winter of '63 and '64, the plans would have been carried out, too. The weather had been very mild, and the roads were soft and muddy, making it impossible to make good time. Everything for this scheme was in readiness all the time. Booth was in it. Lincoln could have been caught most any time at the navy yard or at the old War Department, where he frequently remained until late at night. It would have been no trouble to have crossed the Eastern Branch bridge, and, with relays of fast horses, Port Tobacco could have been reached, and across the Potomac he would have been sent. The boats and men were in readiness all the time. Booth's bullet put an end to this."

"You were in the secret service of the Confederacy?"

"I was chief signal agent of the Confederacy north of the Potomac, and I may say that I worked day and night for the same. I had charge of all rebel mail, and the boats along the river. I seldom missed getting the mails into Richmond on time. I took great chances of being killed, and when Richmond was evacuated I was there to collect what was due me, \$2,500, and I did not get a cent of it. I also had about \$3,500 in Confederate bonds. It all went, and I was left penniless. The war was a bad thing for me all the way through. It is pretty tough on me now in my old age, but I have never regretted being true to my trust."

After Jones left Captain Williams said: "I have dealt with and sized up many men during my life, but that man Jones beats them all. He has changed very little during the past twenty-five years. This is the first time I have seen him since we met at Port Tobacco and Bryautown, and yet I remember every feature. He is a wonderful man, and one that, when he believes he is nothing can change. I remember right, when I made that offer of \$300,000 in the saloon he was standing next to me at the bar, and I could not detect the least movement or change of his face. There was something which told me he knew where Booth was, or could give us information which could lead to his capture, but he couldn't be worked. No amount of money or glory would have tempted him. No human being can read his face and tell what is passing in his mind. It is like a stone. He would have gone the hemp route if the facts he now gives had been known then. If he had only told me where Booth was Boston Corbett would never have had a chance to shoot Booth. We wanted him alive."

"What a tragedy! What a tragedy!! At 10 o'clock Friday night, April 14, 1865, Booth shot the President, mounted his horse, and dashed through the city and across the Eastern Branch Bridge; stopped at Surratt's tavern and got his carbines and whisky. Here he was joined by David Herold, and the two proceeded to Dr. Samuel Mudd's, where Booth had his leg dressed, a crutch made, and shaved off his monstache. From here he went to Cox's, and there was placed in the keeping of Jones. Great God, how my blood boils, and yet I admire the loyalty and fidelity of Jones. His part was the grandest of any that was played. Nothing would tempt him! In the pine thicket Booth was nursed by his faithful friend until he could be sent to Virginia, and meet his death in Garrett's barn. While the flames swept around him he stood like some wild beast bounded to its death, and received the bullet from Corbett's gun. Mrs. Surratt, Lewis Payne, George Atzerodt, and David Herold paid the penalty on the scaffold. Dr. Samuel Mudd, Michael O'Laughlin, and Samuel Arnold were sentenced to imprisonment for life at Dry Tortugas. Spangier got six years at the same place. Dr. Mudd was pardoned afterward, and is now dead. John Surratt, who escaped to Italy, was brought back and tried. He escaped on plea of the statute of limitation. Corbett, who killed Booth, is in an insane asylum. And Jones is here to tell more than was ever known before!"

New York

Girard's Talk Of the Day

New Attempt to Unravel Mystery of Lincoln's Murder

Charles Bromback, 304 Diamond st., is trying to unravel another mystery connected with the assassination of Lincoln. He seems to think that two pages in a register of the St. Lawrence Hotel, Montreal, of which he has made photostat copies, hold a clue.

Three names, all written in that register on Oct. 18, 1864, are J. Wilkes Booth, Baltimore; Rev. Dr. Blackburn and W. J. Pollock, Philadelphia.

Blackburn gave no address and he is alleged to have been the notorious "Dr. Blackburn," who offered the South a scheme for introducing yellow fever and smallpox in the Union Army. This strange individual's room was No. 159, while Mr. Pollock occupied No. 158 and Booth had No. 150.

You remember that Booth confessed after capture that his idea had for six months been to kidnap President Lincoln, not kill him. His journey into Canada may have been concerned with plans for that dark crime.

But what of Pollock? Mr. Bromback believes he was one of Secretary of War Stanton's secret service agents sent to Canada to watch Booth and his friends.

William Curtis Pollock, Jr., grandson of Governor Pollock of Pennsylvania, tells me he cannot identify the Pollock of the Montreal hotel register.

Comedian's Story of Booth

An even more popular actor than J. Wilkes Booth wrote the best account of the assassin's capture and death. Francis Wilson, star singing comedian when "Erminnie" was the year's sensation, took a lot of polish off the sentimental glamor that some authors have tried to put on Booth.

Wilson gave all the official data, minus claptrap, of that evil episode. No shred is left of the weird tale so often repeated in the past 70 years that Booth escaped.

Wilson was for years one of the younger friends and worshippers of Edwin Booth, brother of the assassin, so that he wrote with a sympathetic recollection of that illustrious tragedian. But the cold facts were that Wilkes Booth planned his crime with great deliberation.

He galloped 50 miles in the night following the shot he fired into the President's head.

Dr. Mudd set his broken leg, for which service Mudd was sent to the Dry Tortugas. Booth's last surprise and lament were that he was branded as a murderer and not exalted as a martyr.

His punctured vanity hurt him almost as much as did the death wound he received in Garrett's tobacco shed.

where Booth died) VIA MARKER

corner of two highways #301 & 17
On this road, two miles south of
the Garrett place, where John
Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin,
was found by Union Cavalry
and killed while resisting arrest,
April 26, 1865 -

John Wilkes Booth (marked)

This is the Garrett place
where John Wilkes Booth,
Assassin of Lincoln, was cornered
by Union soldiers and killed
April 26, 1865. The house
stood a short distance from this
spot.

Col. Barker Gulch

Booth's engine

See Barker's engine

June 18 64

Booth trip to Mudds

After Mudd to Friday nite

effort to cross Potomac

Final landing Sunday Morning at Mrs Q

Bryan takes him to Stewarts

Experience at Stewarts

How he spent nite at niggerhouse

sends note to Stewart

makes trip to Rappa

scene at ferry

trip to Garretts

The story as told by Rug and Bain

The arrival of the pursuers at pt Royal

Rug and B notify B of the pursuers and what follows

whereabouts of Herold

Pursuers arrive at B Green

Trip back accompanied by Jett

arrival at Garretts by pursuers

what follows see the Cong Globe

Baker says the pursuers so weary at B Green they had to be kicked into the saddles.

Cut back and take up pursuit

quote Baker and other sources Oldroyd etc

The large number of soldiers in the field

OBeirne and his experiences

His asking permission to pursue and its denial

Baker says he went back satisfied?

Baker sends out the party

ignores the information furnish by O'Beirne ostensibly,

invents nigger informant

Who was doctor sent for to attend the man shot at the barn?

Why never called as to identity?

Go into the matter in detail as to what happened at the barn.

Trip back to the city with the remains

Boston Corbett in charge

taken to Belle Plain and taken aboard John S Ide

Doherty and Baker beat it back to town and arrive about five P.M.

report to Baker and then to Stanton

Stanton orders Baker to get a tug and meet the Ide and take the body

arrival at the Navy yd

Handling and disposition of the body

The Inquest commission and its conduct

The testimony adduced comment upon

Dr May and his testimony

Morris Illinois August 31st. 1864.

My dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th inst. in relation to the matter of the sale of the land of the State of Illinois, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours very truly,
J. M. Smith
Secretary of the State

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours very truly,
J. M. Smith
Secretary of the State

BOOTH AND HAROLD. The fact that these wretches were enabled to traverse four entire counties and cross the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers down near their outlet, where they are very wide, argues conclusively that there were friends and confederates who harbored them and assisted in their escape. Harold and Atzerott are not the only villains who must atone with their lives for this conspiracy.

MORE PARTICULARS OF THE PURSUIT OF BOOTH AND HIS ACCOMPLICE.

The Occurrences at the Place to which They were Tracked.

Washington, 27th. The Star's account of the capture of Booth shows that he was traced by information from a negro, that the assassin crossed the river at Swan Point, paying \$300 for a boat. Lieut. Dougherty and a squad of cavalry discovered Booth and Harold in Ganett's barn well armed. They surrounded them and in order to capture them alive, set fire to the barn, which had the effect to cause the latter to surrender.

While an officer was placing handcuffs on Harold, Booth fired, which was returned by Sergeant Boston Corbett, the bullet striking Booth in the neck. Before dying, Booth said "Tell my mother I died for my country." He was shot about 4 and died at 7 o'clock in the morning. He was compelled to use crutches, which were found in the barn. Booth had some bills of exchange, but only \$175 in treasury notes.

It appears that Booth and Harold left Washington together, on the night of the murder of the President, passed through Leonardtown, Md., and concealed themselves in the vicinity until an opportunity was afforded to cross the river at Swan Point. The man who hired Booth the boat was captured, but afterwards escaped.

Port Royal is a village in Caroline Co., Va., on the right bank of the Rappahannock, twenty miles below Fredericksburg.

DAY, APRIL 21, 1865.

THIRD EDITION.

BY TELEGRAPH

TO THE

BOSTON DAILY EVENING TRANSCRIPT.

THE PRESIDENTIAL FUNERAL CORTEGE.

Impressive Scene at Washington.

BOOTH NOT CAPTURED.

**REPORTED ESCAPE OF JOHNSTON'S ARMY
FROM GEN. SHERMAN.**

[Special Despatch to the Transcript.]

WASHINGTON, April 21.

President Lincoln's funeral cortege left here punctually at eight o'clock this morning. The scene was both solemn and impressive. The engine and cars were heavily draped in deep mourning.

It has been arranged for the funeral car which contains the remains to be carried over all the railroads, to Springfield, Ill.

Booth has not yet been captured.

It is reported that Johnston has escaped from Sherman and is making his way to Georgia.

KAPPA.

The Captors of Booth.

A representative of the National Tribune visited the war department in quest of information that would enable him to definitely answer the inquiry of a correspondent in relation to the men who captured John Wilkes Booth, the slayer of President Lincoln, and the distribution of the reward paid by the Government for the service.

Those directly connected with the crime, so far as has ever been ascertained, were ten in number:

John Wilkes Booth. David Herold, Lewis Payne, George A. Atzerodt, Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, John H. Surratt, Dr. Samuel B. Arnold and M. O'Loughlin. Immediately after the murder of the President and the attack on Secretary Seward, most of these persons fled in different directions, each bent on his own safety. Herold, who was but a boy, scarcely 21 years of age, was the immediate associate of Booth. He held the horses saddled and bridled, in the rear of the theater. Booth and himself mounted and rode away immediately after the shooting. They fled into Maryland, and thence crossed the Potomac into Virginia. For twelve days they eluded their pursuers. They were finally brought to bay in a barn on the farm of one, Garrett, 80 miles southwest of Washington. The barn was surrounded by a detachment of the 16 New York Cavalry at 2 o'clock in the morning of April 26, 1865, the assassination having taken place April 14. The fugitives were ordered to surrender. At first both refused, but after some parleying Herold gave himself up, knowing that he would be shot if he did not. Booth, though one of his legs had been broken when he leaped from the President's box to the stage of the theater, defied the soldiers and with a Spencer rifle which Herold had carried, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. Then the torch was applied to the barn, Booth having been previously warned that this would be done if he did not surrender. By the light of the fire Sergeant Boston Corbett shot him, while the latter was in the act of aiming his rifle at one of the soldiers. The avenging bullet took effect in the neck. Booth was taken into Garrett's house and died at 7 in the morning.

To Atzerodt was assigned the murder of Vice President Johnson, who was boarding at the Kirkwood House. He was a few minutes late in his arrival. The alarm of the President's assassination had been given, and Mr. Johnson had timely warning of his danger. Atzerodt fled, and was captured in Maryland six days later.

Payne's part was to kill Secretary Seward. The latter was sick in bed at the time. Payne forced his way past the guards into the Secretary's room on the pretense that he had an important message from the physician.

Without hesitating an instant he attacked Mr. Seward with a large knife, inflicting serious wounds, which proved to be not fatal. The Secretary's nephew, Frederick Seward, who was attending him grappled with the assassin, and was badly wounded in the struggle, though he prevented the full accomplishment of the murderous design. This part of the tragedy lasted but a moment. There was prompt response to the call for help, and Payne, finding himself foiled, took hasty flight, dashing out of the house and making his escape. He left the city, but after wandering about for

three days returned, and was arrested at the house of Mrs. Surratt in Washington, which appears to have been the headquarters of the conspirators.

Mrs. Surratt made no effort to escape, perhaps relying upon her sex as a protection. She was arrested the following day at her house.

General Grant was also to have been assassinated, but escaped by unexpectedly leaving the city that day. He did so at the urgent solicitation of his wife, who had a presentiment of danger, although neither of them had the slightest intimation of the plot.

Dr. Mudd was arrested at his home in Maryland at Fortress Monroe, and O'Loughlin and Spangler near Washington, all within a few days after the murder. The only one who escaped was John H. Surratt. He made his way to Europe, and in Italy joined the Papal Zouaves. Being discovered in 1867, he was surrendered to the U. S. authorities and brought back to Washington. He was tried before a civil court, but was saved by a disagreement of the jury. There was no doubt as to his connection with the conspiracy, and had he been tried at the same time as his fellow plotters, there is little question what the result would have been.

The rewards offered by the Government for the arrest of the principal assassins, apportioned and ordered paid by a special act of congress, were distributed on the basis of the proportion which the services of or information furnished by each contributed to the success in each case. The names of those sharing the rewards, and the amounts paid severally to each are, as follows:

For the capture of Booth and Herold:

E. J. Conger	\$15,000
L. C. Baker	3,750
Luther B. Barker	3,000
Lieut. E. P. Doherty	5,250
James R. O'Bierne	2,000
Also fifteen other men,	\$1,653.85
each	4,000

Total ----- \$75,000

L. A. Baker was chief of the detective force. E. J. Conger, who received so large a share, was a detective, whose services were particularly valuable. Lieut Doherty commanded the cavalry detachment that made the capture.

For the Capture of Atzerodt.

Maj. E. R. Artman	\$1,250.00
Serg't. Z. P. Gemmill	3,508.54
Christopher Ross	2,878.78
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Maj. Smith	\$1,000.00
Richard C. Morgan, Eli Devore, C H. Rosch, Thomas Sampson, W. M. Wermerskirch, each \$500	2,000.00
P. M. Clark	500
Susan Jackson	250
Mary Ann Griffin	250

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The eight prisoners were brought to a speedy trial before a Military Commission which finishes its labors June 30. Payne, Atzerodt, Herold and Mrs. Surratt were sentenced to death, and the sentences were approved by the president. Great efforts were made to save Mrs. Surratt, but the authorities were inexorable, and all were hanged July 7.

Dr. Mudd was a prominent physician at Byrantown, in Maryland. Booth stopped at his house in his flight, early the next morning after the assassination, and Dr. Mudd set his broken leg. Booth's stay was brief for he knew avengers were on his track. After telling Mudd what he had done he remounted his horse and dashed off. Dr. Mudd aided in his escape by purposely misdirecting a body of soldiers who having tracked Booth to that place, inquired as to the road he had taken. It was not shown upon the trial that Mudd had any previous knowledge of or participation in the conspiracy, but he was convicted of being accessory after the fact and sentenced to confinement at hard labor for life.

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Spangler was the stage carpenter at the theater. For two days before the tragedy he assisted Booth in arranging the details of the plan. On the trial Spangler claimed and it must be said that this was not fairly disproved, that he knew nothing of the plot to kill Mr. Lincoln. He said he had no personal acquaintance with Booth, but the latter told him that the arrangements he was making in the theater were for the production of a new play. Knowing him to be a celebrated actor, he supposed this to be true. The Commission, however, deemed the evidence sufficient to convict him as an accessory, and he was sentenced for six years.

Arnold was an obscure wagon maker living near Surrattsville. He provided vehicles for the use of the chief conspirators at different times when perfecting the plot. He disclaimed any knowledge of their purpose, but the evidence against him was strong and he was sentenced to confinement for life.

O'Loughlin was the youngest of the prisoners, with the exception of Herold. It is not clear what part he took in the scheme. He was of good family. It was, and still is, urged by his friends in his behalf, that he was innocent of any share in the crime, but by reason of his association with some of the participants he was made the victim of circumstantial evidence, which, in the opinion of the Commission, justified a verdict of guilty. He was sentenced for life.

All these findings and sentences were approved by the President, who designated the dry Tortugas, Fla., as the place of confinement. The prisoners were sent there early in July, 1865.

O'Loughlin's health gave way under the fright and excitement of the trial. He died in a hospital at Fort Jefferson, Fla., in September, 1867, after a confinement of a little more than two years. In February 1869, the President ordered that his remains be delivered to his mother, and they were brought to his old home and buried.

The three other prisoners were pardoned by proclamation of President Johnson, just before his retirement, Mudd on Feb. 8, 1869, and Arnold and Spangler in March, after three years and nine months of confinement. The official records show that these pardons, by proclamation of the President, were "full and unconditional" and "for good and sufficient reasons." The latter will be understood by the following.

In 1868 Florida was scourged with yellow fever. It was in malignant form and was fatal to many. Dr. Mudd had experience before in treating this disease. During its continuance at the Dry Tortugas he was untiring and efficient in his labors.

Among those who died was the U. S. medical officer at that place. Dr. Mudd took charge of the hospitals, and abated none of his efforts until the plague had disappeared. Arnold and Spangler volunteered as nurses and served faithfully to the end. Not one of the three took the fever. The President rewarded them by full pardon. Whether or not the hope of release may have influenced them in their labors for the cause of humanity the fact remains that their services were most valuable and praiseworthy. The softening influence of time had scarcely yet been felt and there were many who severely criticised the President for pardoning these men. But sixteen years have passed, and there are probably few who would now question the lenient official act that set them free.

Dr. Mudd returned to his old home and resumed the practice of his profession. He died about three years ago. Spangler and Arnold have disappeared and no traces of them can be found.

Mementoes of the Tragedy.

In the office of the judge advocate general of the army are kept a few mementoes of the great tragedy. They are not publicly exhibited, but may be seen by those curiously inclined, on application. The pistol with which President Lincoln was shot is a small old fashioned derringer. Its whole length is but a trifle more than six inches, and the barrel is but two and a half inches long. The calibre is larger than that of similar weapons of the present day. The bullet taken from the head of the President is also there. It was flattened against the skull which the doctors said was of unusual thickness. In a small glass case are fragments of the fractured skull and the silver probe that was used on that occasion.

There is a large, villanous, double edged knife, or dirk that was taken from the person of Booth. The handle is of horn, and the blade seven inches in length. It is of the kind commonly spoken of as a "Bowie," though the latter strictly speaking, has but one edge. One side of the blade is neatly ornamented, and bears the inscription: "America, the land of the free and the home of the brave; liberty and independance." Booth had this knife in his hand when he leaped to the stage of the theater, shouting "sic semper tyrannis!" Booth's hat, which was picked up in the Presidents box, is of dark cloth, finely quilted in the style much worn at that time. There is also a cavalry boot, reaching nearly to the hip, that was removed by Dr. Mudd from the broke limb. At the instep is a slit, ten inches long made by Mudd for the purpose of examination. In the collection is a pine stick, three feet long and two inches square, which Booth had provided beforehand, and used to fasten the door after he entered the President's box, that no one might follow him. The stick lay upon the floor as Mr. Lincoln was carried out, and drops of blood fell upon it, the stains of which are distinctly seen. There are also a light colored slouch hat, worn by Payne when he entered Secretary Seward's room, which he lost in the struggle, and two eigh shooting Spencer rifles which were concealed at a tavern in Surrattsville before the murder, for the use of Booth and Herold in their flight. Their route of attempted escape had been carefully laid out. Herold took one of the weapons, but Booth did not, owing to his suffering condition.

In August, 1864, the country was startled by a rumor that President Lincoln had died by poison. That day Booth was a guest of the McHenry House, Meadville, Pa. With a diamond he scratched the following upon a pane of glass in one of the windows of his room:

Abe Lincoln

Departed this life

Aug. 13, 1864,

By the effect of poison.

After Mr. Lincoln's death by the hand of this man the pane became an object of interest. It was taken from the window forwarded to Washington by Miss McHenry and placed in this collection of relics.

The most interesting article is the pocket dairy, old, worn and stained, taken from Booth's person. All the leaves previous to April 14—the day of the murder—were cut out by him. It is supposed that these leaves contained the details of the arrangement of the conspiracy, and were probably destroyed by him. In the pocket of the were five photographs of young women, presumably actresses, a small silver horse shoe charm, and a Roman Catholic medal or amulet. Many pages written after the tragedy, while the murderer was a hunted fugitive, were fully identified by the friends of Booth as being in his hand writing. Our reporter copied the following, which will be read with interest:

Extracts from Booth's Diary.

"April 14, Friday, the Ides—Until today nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we had worked to capture him, but our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done. But its failure was owing to others, who did not strike for their country with a heart. I struck boldly, and not as the papers say. I walked with a firm step thru a thousand of his friends; was stopped but pushed on. A Colonel was at his side. I shouted 'sic semper' before I fired. In jumping, broke my leg. I passed all his pickets; rode sixty miles that night with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump. I can never report it. Though we hated to kill, our country simply owed all her troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment. The country is not what it was. This forced Union is not what I have loved. I care not what becomes of me. I have no desire to outlive my country. This night, before the deed, I wrote a long article and left it for one of the editors of the National Intelligencer, in which I fully set forth our reasons for our proceedings. He (Lincoln) or the south.

"Friday, 21—After being hunted like a dog through swamps and woods and last night being chased by gunboats till I was forced to return wet, cold and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair and why? For doing what Brutus was honored for, what made William Tell a hero; and yet I, for striking down an even greater tyrant than they ever knew, am looked upon as a common criminal. My act was purer than either of theirs. One hoped to be great himself; the other had no only his country's but his own wrongs to avenge. I hoped for no gain; I knew no private wrong. I struck for my country and her alone. A people ground beneath this tryranny prayed for this end, and yet now see the cold hands they extend for me! God cannot pardon me if I have done wrong;

yet I cannot see any wrong except in serving a degenerate people. The little, very little, I left behind to clear my name the government will not allow to be printed. So ends all! For my country I have given up all that makes life sweet and holy, brought misfortune upon my family and am sure there is no pardon for me in the heavens, since man condemns me so. I have only heard of what has been done (except what I did myself) and it fills me with horror. God, try and forgive me and bless my mother. Tonight I will once more try the river with the intention to cross; though I have a greater desire and almost a mind to return to Washington and in a measure clear my name, which I feel I can do. I do not repent the blow I struck. I may before my God, but not to man. I think I have done well though I am abandoned, with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, that one blow would have made me great, though I did not desire greatness. Tonight I try once more to escape these bloodhounds. Who, who can read his fate! God's will be done. I have too great a care to die like a criminal. Oh, may He spare me that and let me die bravely. I bless the entire world. I have never hated or wronged any one. This last was not a wrong unless God deems it so, and it is with Him to damn or bless me. And for this brave boy Herold, here with me, who often prays (yes before and since), with a true and sincere heart, was it crime in him? If so, why can he pray the same? I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but I must fight the course. 'Tis all that's left me."

The old Ford theater in which Lincoln was shot is on Tenth street, between E. and F. Once after the fatal night a theatrical performance was advertised to take place in it, but it was forbidden by the authorities. It was then bought by the government, and is now used as a National Medical Museum.

John H. Surratt has been some years engaged as a clerk in the office of a steamboat line in Baltimore. For a considerable time during the war he was one of the secret agents of the Confederacy, and in that capacity made repeated trips between Richmond and Canada. In a recent interview, speaking of those trips, Surratt said:

"There were not many difficulties. The fact is that the North was so honeycombed by latent rebellion and resident sympathizers that the difficulty was how to avoid hospitality and accept the best aid in traversing it. There was no trouble. Once on the Maryland side, coming north, and the rest was as easy as traveling now. The same was true on the return journey, but the Potomac was closely guarded and it was a serious matter to get across. Our disguises were manifold, however and whatever dispatches we had were towed and weighted astern of the boats, so that in case of capture we could dispose of them effectively. We were, at least I was, and so were all the people engaged as agents, fired at a score of times, both by cannon and rifle, but I was not hit. Other people were occasionally less fortunate. We used to choose dark, rainy nights for our expeditions, and usually managed to avoid patrol boats. Traveling on this side was easy enough. We simply bought railway tickets and traveled as other people did, and, like other people we were let alone. It was a

nasty business though, because of the apprehension we dwelt in; you can imagine that. I remember I used to take, as a rule, an evening train to Baltimore and one at 9 o'clock or so from there to Harrisburg. Then I had to wait for a train west or north, at times. I went to the bridge sometimes by way of the Reading railroad to New York via Easton and up Lake Champlain, and at others to Detroit. But we used to go regularly to Harrisburg, and we had to wait there, where the detectives were thicker than any other kind of passengers. I never made any disguises, but went about my business as one who had legitimate errands in traveling."

Speaking of his mother Surratt said: "Now let me solemnly say that I never knew that my mother was in serious danger. I deemed it only a matter of time, a few months, when she should by reason of the revulsion of public feeling, be released. In that belief I was confirmed by those about me, who insisted that she was to be discharged and kept the newspapers away from me. When I heard that she was sentenced to death I was absolutely crazy. I was restrained by force which I tried to overcome, from coming to the States, if not to save to die with her. Alas, I could not do it. I fought and plead, but those about me had their lives at stake and my return might be a clew to their place of living and they stopped me. It I had known earlier; but I did not know. I have had every conceivable unkind thing said of me. They have said that had I come forth from hiding and her and myself. I do not believe that the temper of the people would have allowed any one to be saved; but that said, "Here I am," I would have saved would not have mattered in the least. I would have come had I known. I would, as God is my judge." —Nov. 13, 1886.

Brandee in New York Tribune.

It was known that Lee had crossed into Pennsylvania threatening Washington, and that battle had been joined near Gettysburg, upon which in all probability the fate of Washington and the issue of the war depended. showed how desperate the attack was, the stubbornness of the defense and that the result was indecisive. All that day and the next Mr. Lincoln was in an agony of anxiety, running over, as was his wont to the war office to ascertain for himself the latest news, instead waiting for the reports to be sent to him. Then came a long interval when nothing was heard from Meade, and the President was wrought up to an intense pitch of excitement. Night came on and Stanton seeing the President worn out with care and anxiety, persuaded him to return to the White House, promising if anything came over the wires during the night to give him immediate information. At last, toward midnight, came the electric flash of the great victory which saved the union.

Stanton siezed the dispatch and ran as fast as he could to the Executive mansion up the stairs and knocked at the room where the President was catching a fitful slumber. "Who is there?" he heard in the voice of Mr. Lincoln. "Stanton." The door was opened and Mr. Lincoln appeared with a light in his hand, peering through the crack in the door, "in the shortest night dress and longest legs," as Stanton said, he ever saw on a human being. Before Stanton, who was out of breath, could say a word, the President, who had caught with unerring instinct the expression on his face, gave a shout of exultation, grabbed him with both arms around the waist and danced him around the chamber until they were both exhausted. They then sat down upon a trunk, and the President, who was still in his night dress, read over and over again the telegram, and then discussed with him the probabilities of the future and the results of the victory until the day dawned.

Such a scene at midnight between two of the greatest Americans whom this generation has produced, to whom all wise providence had committed in largest measure the fate of Republican liberty in this western world, may not afford a subject for the loftiest conceptions of the poet or painter, but more than any other incident within my knowledge it shows the human nature of these two great men, and brings them home to the hearts and the hearthstones of the plain people of whom Mr. Lincoln was, on whom he depended, and whom he loved. It shows him brooding all through those awful days, with an anxiety akin to agony, which no one could share—worn and weary with the long and doubtful conflict between hope and fear—treading the wine press for his people alone. And at last when the lightening flash had lifted the dark cloud, dancing like a school boy in the ecstasy of delight, and exhibiting a touch of that human nature which makes all the world akin.—2—4—1887.

Mrs. Lincoln's New Home.

A St. Louis correspondent of the Globe Democrat writes of the institution where Mrs. Lincoln's home is to be: The asylum is known as the

"Cincinnati Sanitarium," situated in the village of College Hill, and the Mount Pleasant road, some six miles from the Probasco fountain, and reached by street cars to Cummingsville thence by bus to the place of destination. The grounds and buildings were originally appropriated for female educational purposes under the name of "Ohio Female College." Three years ago the premises were purchased by ten medical gentlemen with wide experience in the treatment of demented cases, and appropriated to its present use. The grounds are about 300 feet front, and enough deep to embrace 17 acres, and are covered with grass, trees, shrubberies, walks, arbors, and lakes. The main building is at the rear end of the grounds and reached through a long avenue, shaded with trees and margined with grasses. It is of brick, four stories high, about 100 feet front by 100 in style and elaborate in execution. The depth. The architecture is gothic in premises give no indication that they are for lunatic purposes. No black iron bars shade the windows to give it the appearance of a prison, but in their stead, extending midway up the windows, are apparently delicate wire secure enough to prevent escape, that serve to banish from the patient's mind the terrible truth of imprisonment and restraint. The rooms of the institution are elegantly furnished, and admirably served, especially those in the department to which Mrs. Lincoln has been assigned.—June 15, 1875.

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from the President's box to the stage of the theater, defied the soldiers and with a Spencer rifle which Herold had carried, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. Then the torch was applied to the barn, Booth having

been previously warned that this would be done if he did not surrender. By the light of the fire Sergeant Boston Corbett shot him, while the latter was in the act of aiming his rifle at one of the soldiers. The avenging bullet took effect in the neck. Booth was taken into Garrett's house and died at 7 in the morning.

To Atzerodt was assigned the murder of Vice President Johnson, who was boarding at the Kirkwood House. He was a few minutes late in his arrival. The alarm of the President's assassination had been given, and Mr. Johnson had timely warning of his danger. Atzerodt fled, and was captured in Maryland six days later.

Payne's part was to kill Secretary Seward. The latter was sick in bed at the time. Payne forced his way past the guards into the Secretary's room on the pretense that he had an important message from the physician.

Without hesitating an instant he attacked Mr. Seward with a large knife, inflicting serious wounds, which proved to be not fatal. The Secretary's nephew, Frederick Seward, who was attending him grappled with the assassin, and was badly wounded in the struggle, though he prevented the full accomplishment of the murderous design. This part of the tragedy lasted but a moment. There was prompt response to the call for help, and Payne, finding himself foiled, took hasty flight, dashing out of the house and making his escape. He left the city, but after wandering about for three days returned, and was arrested at the house of Mrs. Surratt in Washington, which appears to have been the headquarters of the conspirators.

Mrs. Surratt made no effort to escape, perhaps relying upon her sex as a protection. She was arrested the following day at her house.

General Grant was also to have been assassinated, but escaped by unexpectedly leaving the city that day. He did so at the urgent solicitation of his wife, who had a presentiment of danger, although neither of them had the slightest intimation of the plot.

Dr. Mudd was arrested at his home in Maryland at Fortress Monroe, and O'Loughlin and Spangler near Washington, all within a few days after the murder. The only one who escaped was John H. Surratt. He made his way to Europe, and in Italy joined the Papal Zouaves. Being discovered in 1867, he was surrendered to the U. S. authorities and brought back to Washington. He was tried before a civil court, but was saved by a disagreement of the jury. There was no doubt as to his connection with the conspiracy, and had he been tried at the same time as his fellow plotters, there is little question what the result would have been.

The rewards offered by the Government for the arrest of the principal assassins, apportioned and ordered paid by a special act of congress, were distributed on the basis of the proportion which the services of or information furnished by each contributed to the success in each case. The names of those sharing the rewards, and the amounts paid severally to each are, as follows:

For the capture of Booth and Herold:

E. J. Conger	\$15,000
L. C. Baker	3,750
Luther B. Barker	3,000
Lieut. E. P. Doherty	5,250
James R. O'Bierne	2,000
Also fifteen other men	\$1,653.85
each	4,000

total -----\$75,000
 L. A. Baker was chief of the detective force. E. J. Conger, who received so large a share, was a detective, whose services were particularly valuable. Lieut Doherty commanded the cavalry detachment that made the capture.

For the Capture of Atzerodt.
 Maj. E. R. Artman -----\$1,250.00
 Serg't. Z. P. Gemmill ----- 3,508.54
 Christopher Ross ----- 2,878.78
 D. H. Baker ----- 2,878.78
 Albert Bender ----- 2,878.78
 S. J. Williams ----- 2,878.78
 G. P. Young ----- 2,878.78
 James W. Purdum ----- 2,878.78

Total -----\$25,000.00
 For the Capture of Payne.
 Maj. Smith -----\$1,000.00
 Richard C. Morgan, Eli Devore, C. H. Rosch, Thomas Sampson, W. M. Wermerskirch, each \$500 ----- 2,000.00
 P. M. Clark ----- 500
 Susan Jackson ----- 250
 Mary Ann Griffin ----- 250

\$5,000
 The eight prisoners were brought to a speedy trial before a Military Commission which finishes its labors June 30. Payne, Atzerodt, Herold and Mrs. Surratt were sentenced to death, and the sentences were approved by the president. Great efforts were made to save Mrs. Surratt, but the authorities were inexorable, and all were hanged July 7.

Dr. Mudd was a prominent physician at Byrantown, in Maryland. Booth stopped at his house in his flight, early the next morning after the assassination, and Dr. Mudd set his broken leg. Booth's stay was brief for he knew avengers were on his track. After telling Mudd what he had done he remounted his horse and dashed off. Dr. Mudd aided in his escape by purposely misdirecting a body of soldiers who having tracked Booth to that place, inquired as to the road he had taken. It was not shown upon the trial that Mudd had any previous knowledge of or participation in the conspiracy, but he was convicted of being accessory after the fact and sentenced to confinement at hard labor for life.

Spangler was the stage carpenter at the theater. For two days before the tragedy he assisted Booth in arranging the details of the plan. On the trial Spangler claimed and it must be said that this was not fairly disproved, that he knew nothing of the plot to kill Mr. Lincoln. He said he had no personal acquaintance with Booth, but the latter told him that the arrangements he was making in the theater were for the production of a new play. Knowing him to be a celebrated actor, he supposed this to be true. The Commission, however, deemed the evidence sufficient to convict him as an accessory, and he was sentenced for six years.

Arnold was an obscure wagon maker living near Surrattsville. He provided vehicles for the use of the chief conspirators at different times when perfecting the plot. He disclaimed any knowledge of their purpose, but the evidence against him was strong and he was sentenced to confinement for life.

O'Loughlin was the youngest of the prisoners, with the exception of Herold. It is not clear what part he took in the scheme. He was of good family. It was, and still is, urged by his friends in his behalf, that he was innocent of any share in the crime, but

by reason of his association with some of the participants he was made the victim of circumstantial evidence, which, in the opinion of the Commission, justified a verdict of guilty. He was sentenced for life.

All these findings and sentences were approved by the President, who designated the dry Tortugas, Fla., as the place of confinement. The prisoners were sent there early in July, 1865.

O'Loughlin's health gave way under the fright and excitement of the trial. He died in a hospital at Fort Jefferson, Fla., in September, 1867, after a confinement of a little more than two years. In February 1869, the President ordered that his remains be delivered to his mother, and they were brought to his old home and buried.

The three other prisoners were pardoned by proclamation of President Johnson, just before his retirement, Mudd on Feb. 8, 1869, and Arnold and Spangler in March, after three years and nine months of confinement. The official records show that these pardons, by proclamation of the President, were "full and unconditional" and "for good and sufficient reasons." The latter will be understood by the following.

In 1868 Florida was scourged with yellow fever. It was in malignant form and was fatal to many. Dr. Mudd had experience before in treating this disease. During its continuance at the Dry Tortugas he was untiring and efficient in his labors. Among those who died was the U. S. medical officer at that place. Dr. Mudd took charge of the hospitals, and abated none of his efforts until the plague had disappeared. Arnold and Spangler volunteered as nurses and served faithfully to the end. Not one of the three took the fever. The President rewarded them by full pardon. Whether or not the hope of release may have influenced them in their labors for the cause of humanity the fact remains that their services were most valuable and praiseworthy. The softening influence of time had scarcely yet been felt and there were many who severely criticised the President for pardoning these men. But sixteen years have passed, and there are probably few who would now question the lenient official act that set them free.

Dr. Mudd returned to his old home and resumed the practice of his profession. He died about three years ago. Spangler and Arnold have disappeared and no traces of them can be found.

Mementoes of the Tragedy.

In the office of the judge advocate general of the army are kept a few mementoes of the great tragedy. They are not publicly exhibited, but may be seen by those curiously inclined, on application. The pistol with which President Lincoln was shot is a small, old fashioned derringer. Its whole length is but a trifle more than six inches, and the barrel is but two and a half inches long. The calibre is larger than that of similar weapons of the present day. The bullet taken from the head of the President is also there. It was flattened against the skull which the doctors said was of unusual thickness. In a small glass case are fragments of the fractured skull and the silver probe that was used on that occasion.

There is a large, villianous, double edged knife, or dirk that was taken from the person of Booth. The handle

is of horn, and the blade seven inches in length. It is of the kind commonly spoken of as a "Bowie," though the latter strictly speaking, has but one edge. One side of the blade is neatly ornamented, and bears the inscription: "America, the land of the free and the home of the brave; liberty and independence." Booth had this knife in his hand when he leaped to the stage of the theater, shouting "sic semper tyrannis!" Booth's hat, which was picked up in the Presidents box, is of dark cloth, finely quilted in the style much worn at that time. There is also a cavalry boot, reaching nearly to the hip, that was removed by Dr. Mudd from the broke limb. At the instep is a slit, ten inches long made by Mudd for the purpose of examination. In the collection is a pine stick, three feet long and two inches square, which Booth had provided beforehand, and used to fasten the door after he entered the President's box, that no one might follow him. The stick lay upon the floor as Mr. Lincoln was carried out, and drops of blood fell upon it, the stains of which are distinctly seen. There are also a light colored slouch hat, worn by Payne when he entered Secretary Seward's room, which he lost in the struggle, and two eigh shooting Spencer rifles which were concealed at a tavern in Surrattsville before the murder, for the use of Booth and Herold in their flight. Their route of attempted escape had been carefully laid out. Herold took one of the weapons, but Booth did not, owing to his suffering condition.

In August, 1864, the country was statled by a rumor that President Lincoln had died by poison. That day Booth was a guest of the McHenry House, Meadville, Pa. With a diamond he scratched the following upon a pane of glass in one of the windows of his room:

Abe Lincoln
 Departed this life
 Aug. 13, 1864,

By the effect of poison.

After Mr. Lincoln's death by the hand of this man the pane became an object of interest. It was taken from the window forwarded to Washington by Miss McHenry and placed in this collection of relics.

The most interesting article is the pocket dairy, old, worn and stained, taken from Booth's person. All the leaves previous to April 14—the day of the murder—were cut out by him. It is supposed that these leaves contained the details of the arrangement of the conspiracy, and were probably destroyed by him. In the pocket of the were five photographs of young women, presumably actresses, a small silver horse shoe charm, and a Roman Catholic medal or amulet. Many pages written after the tragedy, while the murderer was a hunted fugitive, were fully identified by the friends of Booth as being in his hand writng. Our reporter copied the following, which will be read with interest:

Extracts from Booth's Diary.

"April 14, Friday, the Ides—Until today nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we had worked to capture him, but our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done. But its failure was owing to others, who did not strike for their country with a heart. I struck boldly, and not as the papers say. I walked with a firm step thru a thousand of his friends; was stop-

ped but pushed on. A Colonel was at his side. I shouted 'sic semper' before I fired. In jumping, broke my leg. I passed all his pickets; rode sixty miles that night with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump. I can never report it. Though we hated to kill, our country simply owed all her troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment. The country is not what it was. This forced Union is not what I have loved. I care not what becomes of me. I have no desire to outlive my country. This night, before the deed, I wrote a long article and left it for one of the editors of the National Intelligencer, in which I fully set forth our reasons for our proceedings. He (Lincoln) or the south.

"Friday, 21—After being hunted like a dog through swamps and woods and last night being chased by gunboats till I was forced to return wet, cold and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair and why? For doing what Brutus was honored for, what made William Tell a hero; and yet I, for striking down an even greater tyrant than they ever knew, am looked upon as a common criminal. My act was purer than either of theirs. One hoped to be great himself; the other had no only his country's but his own wrongs to avenge. I hoped for no gain; I knew no private wrong. I struck for my country and her alone. A people ground beneath this tyranny prayed for this end, and yet now see the cold hands they extend for me! God cannot pardon me if I have done wrong; yet I cannot see any wrong except in serving a degenerate people. The little, very little, I left behind to clear my name the government will not allow to be printed. So ends all! For my country I have given up all that makes life sweet and holy, brought misfortune upon my family and am sure there is no pardon for me in the heavens, since man condemns me so. I have only heard of what has been done (except what I did myself) and it fills me with horror. God, try and

forgive me and bless my mother. Tonight I will once more try the river with the intention to cross; though I have a greater desire and almost a mind to return to Washington and in a measure clear my name, which I feel I can do. I do not repent the blow I struck. I may before my God, but not to man. I think I have done well though I am abandoned, with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, that one blow would have made me great, though I did not desire greatness. Tonight I try once more to escape these bloodhounds. Who, who can read his fate! God's will be done. I have too great a care to die like a criminal. Oh, may He spare me that and let me die bravely. I bless the entire world. I have never hated or wronged any one. This last was not a wrong unless God deems it so, and it is with Him to damn or bless me. And for this brave boy Herold, here with me, who often prays (yes before and since,) with a true and sincere heart, was it crime in him? If so, why can he pray the same? I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but I must fight the course. 'Tis all that's left me."

The old Ford theater in which Lincoln was shot is on Tenth street, between E. and F. Once after the fatal night a theatrical performance was advertised to take place in it, but it was forbidden by the authorities. It was then bought by the government, and is now used as a National Medical Museum.

John H. Surratt has been some years engaged as a clerk in the office of a steamboat line in Baltimore. For a considerable time during the war he was one of the secret agents of the Confederacy, and in that capacity made repeated trips between Richmond and Canada. In a recent interview, speaking of those trips, Surratt said:

"There were not many difficulties. The fact is that the North was so honeycombed by latent rebellion and resident sympathizers that the difficulty was how to avoid hospitality and accept the best aid in traversing it. There was no trouble. Once on the Maryland side, coming north, and the rest was as easy as traveling now. The same was true on the return journey, but the Potomac was closely guarded and it was a serious matter to get across. Our disguises were manifold, however and whatever dispatches we had were towed and weighted astern of the boats, so that in case of capture we could dispose of them effectively. We were, at least I was, and so were all the people engaged as agents, fired at a score of times, both by cannon and rifle, but I was not hit. Other people were occasionally less fortunate. We used to choose dark, rainy nights for our expeditions, and usually managed to avoid patrol boats. Traveling on this side was easy enough. We simply bought railway tickets and traveled as other people did, and, like other people we were let alone. It was a nasty business though, because of the apprehension we dwelt in; you can imagine that. I remember I used to take, as a rule, an evening train to Baltimore and one at 9 o'clock or so from there to Harrisburg. Then I had to wait for a train west or north, at times. I went to the bridge sometimes by way of the Reading railroad to New York via Easton and up Lake Champlain, and at others to Detroit. But we used to go regularly to Harrisburg, and we had to wait there, where the detectives were thicker than any other kind of passengers. I never made any disguises, but went about my business as one who had legitimate errands in traveling."

Speaking of his mother Surratt said: "Now let me solemnly say that I never knew that my mother was in serious danger. I deemed it only a matter of time, a few months, when she should by reason of the revulsion of public feeling, be released. In that belief I was confirmed by those about me, who insisted that she was to be discharged and kept the newspapers away from me. When I heard that she was sentenced to death I was absolutely crazy. I was restrained by force which I tried to overcome, from coming to the States, if not to save to die with her. Alas, I could not do it. I fought and plead, but those about me had their lives at stake and my return might be a clew to their place of living and they stopped me. It I had known earlier; but I did not know. I have had every conceivable unkind thing said of me. They have said that had I come forth from hiding and her and myself. I do not believe that the temper of the people would have allowed any one to be saved; but that said, 'Here I am,' I would have saved would not have mattered in the least. I would have come had I known. I would, as God is my judge." —Nov. 13, 1886.

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PUNISHMENT OF THE PLOTTERS

Pursuit and Death of Booth---Fate of Rest of Those Tried for Participation in the Conspiracy That Resulted in the Murder of President Lincoln.

WHILE Abraham Lincoln lay dying, across the street from Ford's Theatre, John Wilkes Booth, his assassin, galloped through the streets of Washington, suffering excruciating pain at every step from his broken leg. His idea was to get away into the South.

In those days Washington was under military rule and people were not supposed to leave it at night. Booth was stopped at the Navy Yard Bridge by a Sergeant on guard. But his pain had not robbed the young actor of his guileless. He explained that, as the night was so dark, he had waited until the moon rose to travel southward. "Pass!" said the Sergeant.

A few minutes later young Davy Herold came galloping up.

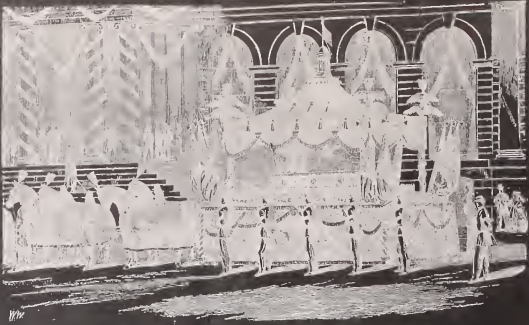
"Why are you so late?" asked the guard.

"I was in bad company," answered Davy--as truthful a remark as he could possibly have made. He, too, got past. A strange commentary is that a third man, from whom the graceless Herold had hired his horse and who was madly chasing him in an endeavor to retrieve his property, was summarily halted and turned back.

Herold soon caught up with Booth and the two appeared in the dead of night at the tavern owned by the Surratts at Surrattsville, thirteen miles southeast of Washington. They woke Lloyd, its keeper, who was drunk, picked up some things left there some weeks before, including a carbine, when the abduction plot was hatching, and rode on.

Their next stop was at the house of Dr. Samuel Mudd, who treated Booth's broken leg. After resting a short time at the doctor's, Booth and Herold rode off. But their progress was slow, as the murderer was suffering terribly from his hurt.

They hid on the farm of a Colonel Samuel Cox, an ardent Southern sympathizer, who, however, had no liking for



View of the Catafalque in Front of City Hall, New York.
(From the Official Book Published in 1866 by the Common Council of New York.)

murder. He discovered them, heard who they were, and, in spite of his horror, could not help protecting the two helpless men. He hid them in a pine thicket at some distance from his house and gave them over to the care of Thomas Jones, his foster-brother.

Jones took them food and newspapers. While they lay in the thicket, soldiers searching for the fugitives swarmed on every road and in every hamlet of the vicinity, and talk of rewards of thousands upon thousands of dollars for information regarding Booth was in the air everywhere. On one such occasion Jones drank and talked with soldiers, and heard the many rumors of the whereabouts of Booth which were rife. But he never said a word.

In that pine thicket, lying in awful pain, hunted by hundreds, with nothing but death before him, Booth made remarkable entries in his diary. "I strook boldly," he wrote. "I walked with a firm step through a thousand of his friends, was stopped, but pushed on."

"* * * I can never repent it, though we hated to kill. Our country owed all her troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment."

On Friday, the 21st, one week after the murder, Booth added this:

After being hunted like a dog through swamps and woods, and last night being chased by soldiers until I was forced to retreat, wet, cold, and starving, with every man here against me, I am here in despair. And why? For doing what Justice was

hounded for--what made William Tell a hero; and yet I, for striking down on a even greater tyrant than they ever knew, am looked upon as a common cut-throat. My act was purer than either of theirs. One hopes to be great himself; the other had not only his country's but his own wrongs to avenge. I hoped for no gain, I knew no private wrong. I struck for my country, and her alone. A people groaning beneath this tyrant prayed for this end, and yet now see the cold heads they extend to me!

Soon the pursuers got so thick around the pine wood that Jones deemed it best to get Booth and Herold away. He put them in a boat and pushed them out into the network of creeks of the Potomac region. They rowed about for hours, landed on the Virginia shore, and begged shelter of a Dr. Stuart. He refused them hospitality, but directed them to the cabin of a negro on his place.

This was too much for Booth's pride. On leaving he sent to the doctor \$5, although he wrote "It was hard to spare," in payment for his reluctant aid.

Then they met three Confederate officers, who set them on their way to the farm of one Garrett. Through one of these officers pursuers at last got on the right trail. While Booth and Herold were in the Garrett barn a squad of soldiers and detectives came to the place, forced Garrett to tell where the fugitives were, and surrounded the barn.

After some parley Herold emerged. Booth refused to do so. The men set fire to the barn. Booth, plainly visible in the flames, was shot through the head by a soldier called Boston Corbett. He was dragged out.

"Toll meher I die for my country," he said, faintly. "I did what I thought was best." After a few more incoherent

words he gasped, "Useless! Useless!" He died in the early morning of April 26.

While Booth and Herold were being hunted down, the other conspirators had been arrested, and numerous suspects also were gathered in with them. Sam Arnold and O'Laughlin, members of the original conspiring trio, were arrested at Fortress Monroe and Baltimore respectively. Payne, after hiding near Washington, arrived, hungry and unkempt, at the house of Mrs. Surratt, already full of detectives, and was promptly taken into custody. With him went the doomed landlady, already under deep suspicion before the assault of Seward ventured to her door. The arrests of Spangler, the scene shifter, Atzerodt, the carriage-maker, and Dr. Mudd followed. Only John H. Surratt, the Confederate spy, son of Mrs. Surratt, escaped the authorities. He fled from Canada to Europe, and was not tried until two years later, when he escaped punishment.

Herold, Atzerodt, Payne, O'Laughlin, Arnold, Mrs. Surratt, Mudd and Spangler were placed on trial before a military court. They were heavily manacled, chained, and lodged about with armed guards. During the progress of the trial the North howled for vengeance; newspapers were filled with articles calling for blood; pictures of the conspirators, showing them as hideous and inhuman monsters, were everywhere hawked.

There was an endeavor to implicate Confederate leaders in the plot, but it came to nothing. Important Southern sympathizers in Canada may have known of the abduction plot, but it seems that Booth was the sole head of that which aimed at and accomplished murder.

Atzerodt, Payne, Davy Herold, and Mrs. Surratt were condemned to be hanged. Dr. Mudd, Arnold, and O'Laughlin were sentenced to imprisonment for life. Spangler got six years. Ten Surratt's sentence aroused a storm of dissent. Many then thought her innocent; today the belief is much more general. But efforts on her behalf availed nothing. Her daughter, frantic with grief, rushed successively to Secretary of War Stanton, General Hancock, and President Andrew Johnson. Stanton and Johnson refused to see her. Hancock received her with much kindness and gentleness, but told her that he could do nothing.

Mrs. Surratt, Davy Herold, Atzerodt, and Payne were hanged on Friday, July 7, less than three months after the murder of Lincoln, in the yard of the Capitol Prison at Washington. Of the other four, O'Laughlin died in captivity, and Dr. Mudd, Spangler, and Arnold were pardoned by President Johnson in 1869.

Booth's body was taken from the Garrett farm to the Capitol Prison at Washington and temporarily buried there. In 1869 members of his family obtained permission to disinter it and take it to the family lot in Baltimore, where it lies close to Junius Brutus Booth, the assassin's father, and Edwin Booth, his illustrious brother.



Lincoln Funeral Outside New York City Hall.

(From the Official Book Published in 1866 by the Common Council of New York.)

Booth's Capture & Death M-42

DRAWER 13A

Assassination

